

JULY,

1884.

ARTHUR'S

ILLUSTRATED

HOME MAGAZINE



Vol. LII.

T.S. ARTHUR & SON:
PHILADELPHIA.

No. 7.

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FASHIONS FOR JULY, 1884:

Prepared expressly for ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE, by THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

Notice is hereby given that patents have been applied for upon certain of the ensuing patterns.—
THE BUTTERICK PUBLISHING CO. [Limited].

FIGURE NO. 1.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

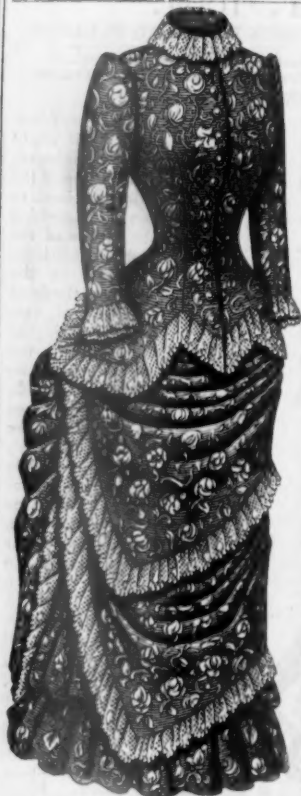
FIGURE NO. 1.
—This illustrates a Misses' costume. The pattern, which is No. 9242 and costs 30 cents, is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. A dainty low-necked dress, with a *guimpe* of lace or embroidery, or of white goods combined with insertion, is a most charming Summer fashion for the miss, and a costume of this description is here represented. The materials are turquois Surah and sheer white lawn, and lace insertion and lace ruffles are lavishly used for the garniture. The *guimpe* is made of lawn, and its upper part is overlaid at intervals with rows of insertion, from beneath which the lawn is neatly cut away. It is a smooth-fitting round waist, that is high at the neck, has a bust dart in each side of the front, buttons at the back and has coat sleeves. The sleeves are slightly shortened in this instance, and are overlaid with insertion to correspond with the upper part of the *guimpe*. They are becomingly trimmed with a frill of lace and a pretty bow of turquois satin ribbon. A standing collar and a ruff of lace finish the neck of the *guimpe* very tastefully. The dress combines a four-gored skirt and a low-necked, sleeveless body. The gores, instead of



FIGURE 1.—MISSSES' COSTUME.

being dart-fitted, have their slight fulness gathered, and the top of the skirt is joined to the belt finishing the bottom of the waist. Shirtings, clustered at the center of the front and at each side of the closing at the back of the waist, though concealed by the belt, confine the fulness of the waist to the figure. The fulness at the neck is drawn in becomingly by a shirrcord inserted in a casing formed far enough below the edge to leave a ruffled finish above the cords. The waist and skirt are of Surah, and a box-plaiting of Surah trims the edge of the skirt, which is covered to the belt with ruffles of deep lace. A very broad sash of Surah is draped about the waist in baby fashion and tied in a handsome bow at the back, forming a full back-drapery. Sateens, foulards, mulls, plain and dotted muslins, and washable and white goods of all varieties, are especially pretty fashioned by this mode; and laces and embroideries will be lavished on these in *jabots*, ruffles, plaitings, or any preferred manner. Dress goods of all varieties make up handsomely by this mode.

The fancy straw hat has a brim facing of shirred Surah, and is trimmed with ribbon, plumage, and a soft scarf of Surah.



9214

LADIES' COSTUME.
No. 9214.—The pattern to this costume is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure, and is here used for brocaded dress goods, with ruffles of the same and handsome lace for trimming. For a lady of medium size, the costume needs 12½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 7½ yards 36 inches wide, or 6½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 35 cents.



9228

Front View.

GIRLS' WRAP.

No. 9228.—This stylish garment is made of gray linen, with machine-stitching and buttons for finishings. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires 4½ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 1½ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 20 cts.



9228

Back View.



9245

MISSSES' SHOULDER-CAPE.

No. 9245.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. To make the cape for a miss of 13 years, will require ¾ yard of material 22 inches wide, or ¼ yard 36 inches wide, or ¼ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 10 cents.



9211

Front View.

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 9211.—This pattern is very prettily designed and is here used for white lawn, with embroidery and insertion for trimming. It is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it needs 4½ yards of goods 22 inches wide, or 2½ yards 36 inches wide, or 2½ yards 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 25 cts.



9211

Back View.



9198

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 9198.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs 6½ yards of brocaded material and 5½ yards of plain goods 22 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.



9247

MISSSES' COSTUME.

No. 9247.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it needs $8\frac{1}{2}$ yards of figured material and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain goods 22 inches wide, or $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of figured and $\frac{1}{2}$ yard of plain 33 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9226

LADIES' COSTUME.

No. 9226.—This pattern is in 13 sizes for ladies from 28 to 46 inches, bust measure. For a lady of medium size, it requires $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of figured material and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain goods 22 inches wide, or $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of figured and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain 36 inches wide, or 3 yards of figured and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain 48 inches wide, each with 1 yard of lace net 22 inches wide. Price, 35 cents.

LADIES' WALKING SKIRT.

No. 9239.—This skirt pattern is in 9 sizes for ladies from 20 to 36 inches, waist measure. For a lady of medium size, it needs $5\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocaded goods and $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of brocaded and $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of plain 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cents.



9206

MISSSES' COSTUME.

No. 9206.—This pattern is in 8 sizes for misses from 8 to 15 years of age. For a miss of 13 years, it needs $6\frac{1}{2}$ yards of one material and $3\frac{1}{2}$ yards of contrasting goods 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards of the one and $1\frac{1}{2}$ yard of the other 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 30 cts.



9239



9239



9209

Front View.



9209

Back View.



9203

Front View.



9203

Back View.

CHILD'S COAT, WITH REMOVABLE COLLAR.

No. 9209.—The pattern for this little coat is in 5 sizes for children from 1 to 5 years of age, and is stylish for cashmeres, cloths, piqués, etc. To make the coat for a child of 3 years, will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ yards 27 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

CHILD'S DRESS.

No. 9203.—This pattern is in 6 sizes for children from 1 to 6 years of age, and may be made up in a combination of materials or a single fabric. To make the garment for a child of 6 years, will require $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.



9205

GIRLS' PLAITED DRESS.

No. 9205.—Lawn, linen or print may be made up by this pattern, which is in 9 sizes for girls from 1 to 9 years of age. To make the dress for a girl of 8 years, will require $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. If goods 48 inches wide be selected for the construction, then $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will suffice. Price of pattern, 20 cents.



9216

GIRLS' COSTUME.

No. 9216.—This costume is very stylishly designed. It is made of cashmere in this instance, and trimmed with ruffles of the material and lace. The pattern is in 8 sizes for girls from 5 to 12 years of age. For a girl of 8 years, it requires $5\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards 36 inches wide. Of goods 48 inches wide, $2\frac{1}{4}$ yards will suffice. Price of pattern, 25 cents.

FIGURE NO. 2.—CHILD'S COSTUME.

FIGURE NO. 2.—This illustrates Child's costume No. 9212 (patent applied for). The pattern is in 5 sizes for children from 2 to 6 years of age. For a child of 6 years, it will require $3\frac{1}{4}$ yards of material 22 inches wide, or 2 yards 36 inches wide, or $1\frac{1}{4}$ yard 48 inches wide. Price of pattern, 15 cents.

The Publishers of the HOME MAGAZINE will supply any of the foregoing Patterns post-paid, on receipt of price.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

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"THE NEW HOME."—Page 423.

ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE.

VOL. LII.

JULY, 1884.

No. 7.



INVOCATION OF EARTH TO MORNING.

WAKE from thy azure ocean-bed,
O beautiful sister Day!
Uplift thy gem-studded head,
And, in thy vestal robes arrayed,
Bid twilight's gloom give way!
Wake, dearest sister! the dark-browed night
Delayeth too long her drowsy flight.

Most glorious art thou, sister Day,
Upon thy chariot throne,
While, sitting supreme in regal sway,
Thou biddest thy high, effulgent way

In majesty alone;
Till in thy cloud-pavilioned home
In the burning west thy footsteps come.

VOL. LII.—27.

Oh! many a joyous mountain rill,
And many a restful stream,
Calm lake and glassy fountain still,
Tall grove and silent, mist-clad hill,
Long for thy coming beam!
Uprose thee, then, fair sister, dear!
For all are pining thy voice to hear.

With trembling and joyous wing,
My birds on every spray
Await thy welcome forth to sing
With many a melting lay;
Then wherefore, beautiful, linger so long?
Earth sighs to greet thee with shout and song.

(381)



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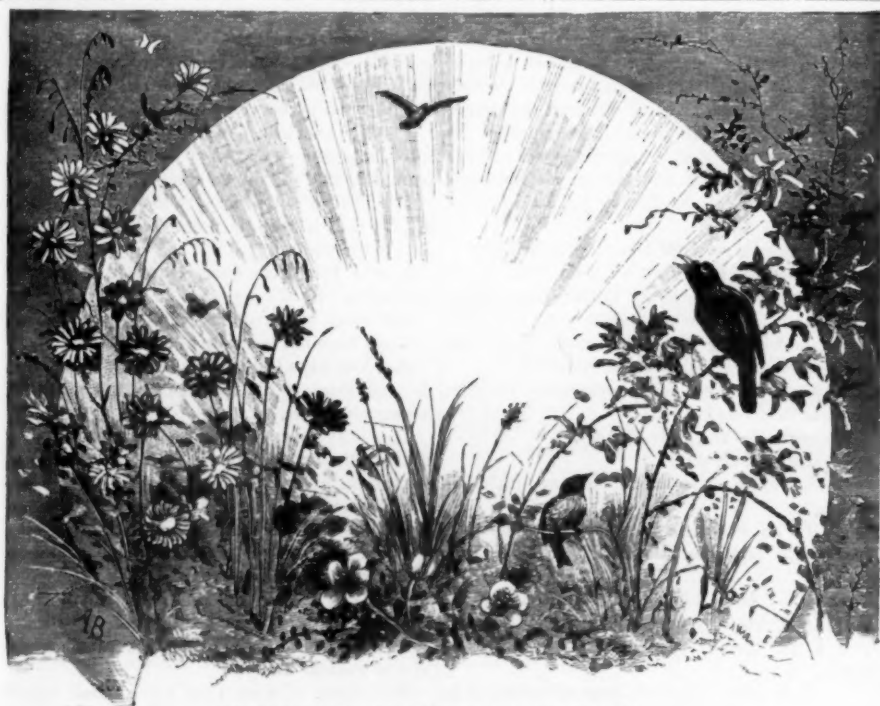
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(381)

MOZART AND HAYDN.

A CURIOUS old publication, entitled *Anecdotes of the Court of the Emperor Joseph II*, contains the following dialogue between that sovereign and Karl Dittersdorff, the celebrated musical writer and composer:

Karl Dittersdorff visited Vienna in 1789 for the purpose of making arrangements for the performance of his oratorio of *Job*. He wished, likewise, to have his symphonies on Ovid's *Metamorphosis* performed at the Imperial Gardens. For this it was requisite to obtain the Emperor's permission, to solicit which Dittersdorff was honored with an interview with Joseph II. He had been informed that the Emperor was in the habit of making very minute inquiries on any subject which excited his interest, and that when, in the course of a conversation, he made those inquiries, he liked to receive a decided answer, given without timidity or hesitation, and that any expressions indicating humility or flattery was sure to displease him.

The Emperor received Dittersdorff in his private cabinet, and after a little conversation on the oratorio of *Job*, on which the Emperor made some observations highly complimentary to the composer, the following dialogue ensued. It is here given as related by Dittersdorff himself:

Emperor—Are you still employed by the government in Silesia?

Dittersdorff—Yes, your Majesty.

E.—In what capacity?

D.—In the department of finance and jurisprudence.

E. (in an emphatic manner)—And do you possess the requisite information on those subjects?

D.—As I have held my appointment for the space of thirteen years, I may fairly presume that I am deemed competent to discharge its duties.

E.—How have you made yourself master of so many various attainments?

D.—Having been born and educated in Vienna, it would have been a disgrace to me had I learned only to play the violin and to compose music.

E.—Have you heard Mozart?

D.—Three times, your Majesty.

E.—What do you think of his playing?

D.—My opinion concurs with that of all musical connoisseurs who have heard him.

E.—Have you heard Clementi?

D.—Yes, Sire.

E.—There are some persons who prefer Clementi to Mozart. What is your opinion on that question? Tell it me frankly.

D.—Clementi's playing is characterized by a vast deal of skill and science. With these quali-

ties, Mozart combines the inspiration of an exquisitely fine taste and fancy.

E.—That is my opinion, and I am much gratified to find that it agrees with yours. What do you think of Mozart's compositions?

D.—They appear to me to be the creations of a bold and original genius. I know of no composer who is gifted with so rich a fund of new ideas. I should wish him to use them more sparingly. He never affords his listeners time to breathe. When the ear is disposed to dwell on a beautiful idea, another rises up and puts it to flight. Thus the mass of hearers—the unsentimental (but those, after all, to whom music ought to be addressed, as well as to the more educated and learned)—are unable to catch and follow the multiplicity of beauties which Mozart so lavishly diffuses through his compositions.

E.—You are right. In his operas he frequently introduces such a crowd of notes in the accompaniments that the singers complain.

D.—That is not a fault, so long as a composer has the skill to keep the orchestral parts subordinate to the vocal.

E.—As you have done, Dittersdorff, in your new work. By the by, what do you think of the compositions of Haydn?

D.—I have not heard any of his operas.

E.—You have lost nothing by that. But what do you think of his instrumental compositions, his canzonets, etc.?

D.—That they deserve the admiration they universally excite. Haydn does not enjoy an evanescent glory, like those insects whose existence lasts only from morning to night. He understands the art of embellishing so exquisitely even a trivial idea, that it presents an air of novelty to the most experienced ear.

E.—Does he not sometimes indulge in eccentricity?

D.—Yes; but without overstepping the boundaries of genuine art.

E.—Right. I some time ago amused myself in comparing Haydn and Mozart. I should like to hear you draw a similar comparison, so that I may know how far your notions correspond.

D.—Your Majesty imposes upon me a very difficult task, and before I attempt to execute it I must request permission to address a question to your Majesty.

E.—The permission is granted.

D.—What comparison would your Majesty be inclined to draw between the works of Klopstock and Gellert?

E. (after a short pause).—Hem! Both are great poets. One must read the writings of Klopstock several times over before we can discern all their beauties. On the contrary, the beauties of Gellert are apparent at first glance.

D.—Your Majesty has just answered the question which you put to me.

E.—Then, I presume, you would compare Mozart to Klopstock and Haydn to Gellert?

D.—That, I think, would be a fair comparison.

E.—I cannot dispute it.

D.—May I request to know the similitude which your Majesty has established between the two great composers?

E.—You shall hear. I compare the compositions of Mozart to a good snuff-box made in Paris, and those of Haydn to one of London make. Both are beautiful. The former excels in tasteful ornament, but the latter is distinguished for its chaste simplicity and fine polish. Thus you see our opinions very closely approximate. I am very glad to have made acquaintance with you, and am happy to find you a different man from what you have been described.

D.—How, your Majesty?

E.—I was given to understand that you were egotistical and vain, and that you were unwilling to award praise to other composers. I rejoice at having discovered the contrary, and I shall be happy to have the pleasure of conversing with you frequently. You will always find me ready to receive you at the hour at which you were admitted to-day.

CENSORIOUSNESS.

"She hath done what she could."—*Mark* xiv, 8.

THERE is, perhaps, no evil which infests society more pernicious in its influence, and at the same time more nearly all-pervading, than that of censoriousness. It is not a pleasant theme about which to write, talk, or think, but sometimes the beauty of an antithesis becomes more apparent for having seen the unlovely.

As the poison of the Upas tree folds in the chill of its deadly embrace all who come within the sphere of its subtle aura, so in the atmosphere of censoriousness every principle of good begotten of that charity which "suffereth long and is kind"—which "thinketh no evil," is stifled and becomes an inanimate thing, sending forth a noxious odor indicative of that decay which is synonymous with envy, hatred, jealousy, etc. Thus he who indulges in it becomes within himself the subject of its blighting influence, as the good and beautiful gradually die out of his heart, till even his exterior becomes cold, acrid, and impervious to the impressions of ennobling influences.

Like a serpent it worms itself in and out, through all those complex ramifications which go to form the aggregate called society, its slimy folds sometimes glistening with the borrowed light of false colors as it assumes to be other than it is, till

only the illumined eye is able to detect, beneath the guise of the exterior, the true character of the poisonous, deadly thing sought to be concealed. Such was the case in the incident from which the quotation above is made, in which incident it does not speak through the form of "envious, gossiping woman," nor yet through the medium of "disappointed politicians," but, alas! through the "chief priests and the scribes," who, seeking to "take by craft" Him whom they had long sought to circumvent, seize upon the alleged extravagance of the contrite one who has brought her alabaster box of ointment, "very precious," and, having broken the box, has poured the ointment upon the head of Him against whom are waged their sinister designs.

Specious, indeed, are the words of censure they utter, as, under cover of benevolence, they say, "Why was this waste of the ointment made? For it might have been sold for more than three hundred pence and have been given to the poor." How the slimy folds of the serpent of censure glisten, glazed thus in the apparent light of humanitarian promptings! Yet the subterfuge failed to deceive, as is indicated by the rebuke implied in this apparent necessity for reminding them that the poor were always with them. If awake to this in thought and deed, there had been no necessity for the reminder. Following the rebuke come the simpler words which measure the anointing from circumference of act to centre of motive—"She hath done what she could."

Tens of decades have dropped behind since the record of the event which called forth the comprehensive utterance, and, with the first of them, dropped also away the actors in this scene, and we speak of them as "dead." Still alive, however, though exhaling death, and ever active, is the serpent of censoriousness, winding its slimy, glistening folds into the mesh of the social fabric, and thrusting its sting with such venom that the heart of humanity is almost a vast lachrymatory for the reception of tears called forth by its wounds. Verily, it is no respecter of persons. Long years since it could say of one who kept himself apart and who refused to mingle at the social board, "Behold, he hath a devil," and of Him who came after and mingled more freely, "Behold a man gluttonous and a wine-bibber, a friend of publicans and sinners." And so to-day it can impeach the motives of the most self-sacrificing, earnest ones, while it staggers not at heaping vile and bitter invective upon those whom it views through the discolored and perverted medium of its own nefarious spirit.

A respecter of persons? No! It attacks the statesman, and, in turn, through the statesman, hounds the feeble form of woman to the bitter death. It invades the pulpit and, in turn, through the pulpit, falls with spleen upon the few ill-

starred and daring ones whose independence of thought leads them away from "accepted views" and "time-honored opinions." It heaps invective on the rich and brands the poor as "shiftless." It pours calumny on "party," and, through party, blackens what should be the fair name of the opponent; while in the various channels of everyday life and along the multiplied avenues of social commingling its sinister smile is seen and its innuendo heard, till the world, which should be an Eden of delight, is sown with thorns which pierce and puncture bleeding feet.

And this Divine Compassion weeps, while charity seeks to pour in the "oil and the wine" to the healing of such as have been prompted by purity of motive and integrity of desire, so that ever and anon come to earnest, though, it may be, weary hearts, those words freighted with healing balm, "She hath done what she could." Happily, there seems ever to be some anointed lips ready to utter where truth and right really exist. Happily, the good "Samaritan," who really has a "beast" on which to set and bring "to an inn" the one who has fallen "among thieves," is a species of being not only not extinct, but multiplying in numbers through that principle which fructifies charity, causing it to beget its own.

It is lamentable that, while evil in multiplied and aggressive form seems sown broadcast, it should yet, through the medium of censure, seek to deface and defame that which is of "good report," by impeachment of motive or distortion of appearance, till in the eyes of others what should appear beautiful and good is so wrested and distorted that it becomes food and nutriment to scandal-mongers and scandal-lovers. The same sunlight falls into the limpid brook and the stagnant pool. One disseminates health-giving properties, the other breeds malaria. The difference is not in the light, but in the receptacle; so an act viewed in the light of charity may discover a worthy and pure motive, while censoriousness sees in it wasteful extravagance, want of benevolence, or selfish aims.

A principle in nature teaches us that light takes on, to us, the color of the lens through which we look. The difference is not in the light, but in the medium. Another form of lens invests the object seen, so that its attitude appears the direct opposite of what it really is. What is true in the realm of the material illustrates a truth in the realm of mind and state; for it is true that we project from us and beyond us our own states and conditions. If we look through an eye of love, the object seen is enveloped in a halo of purple and gold. Is jealousy the lens, the "green-eyed monster" lays meat before the cormorant, censoriousness, which devours with hungry and insatiate maw.

And if it is true that the texture and character of tissue depend upon the food assimilated, how gross and coarse must those natures become who "rejoice in iniquity" and gloat over the faults of others, either real or imaginary! Love of truth is everywhere and at all times antagonistic to evil in all its forms and hesitates not to condemn it. But vastly different are its spirit and manner from the element of which we have been speaking, which is not only ever on the alert to discern evil, but which sees, through its own perverted medium, in false light and inverted attitude, the deeds and motives of others.

In view of these considerations, would it not be well for those whose outlook uniformly discerns something to condemn, to turn their eye to the examination of the lens through which they look?

MRS. A. L. WASHBURN.

HARVEST SONG.

I.

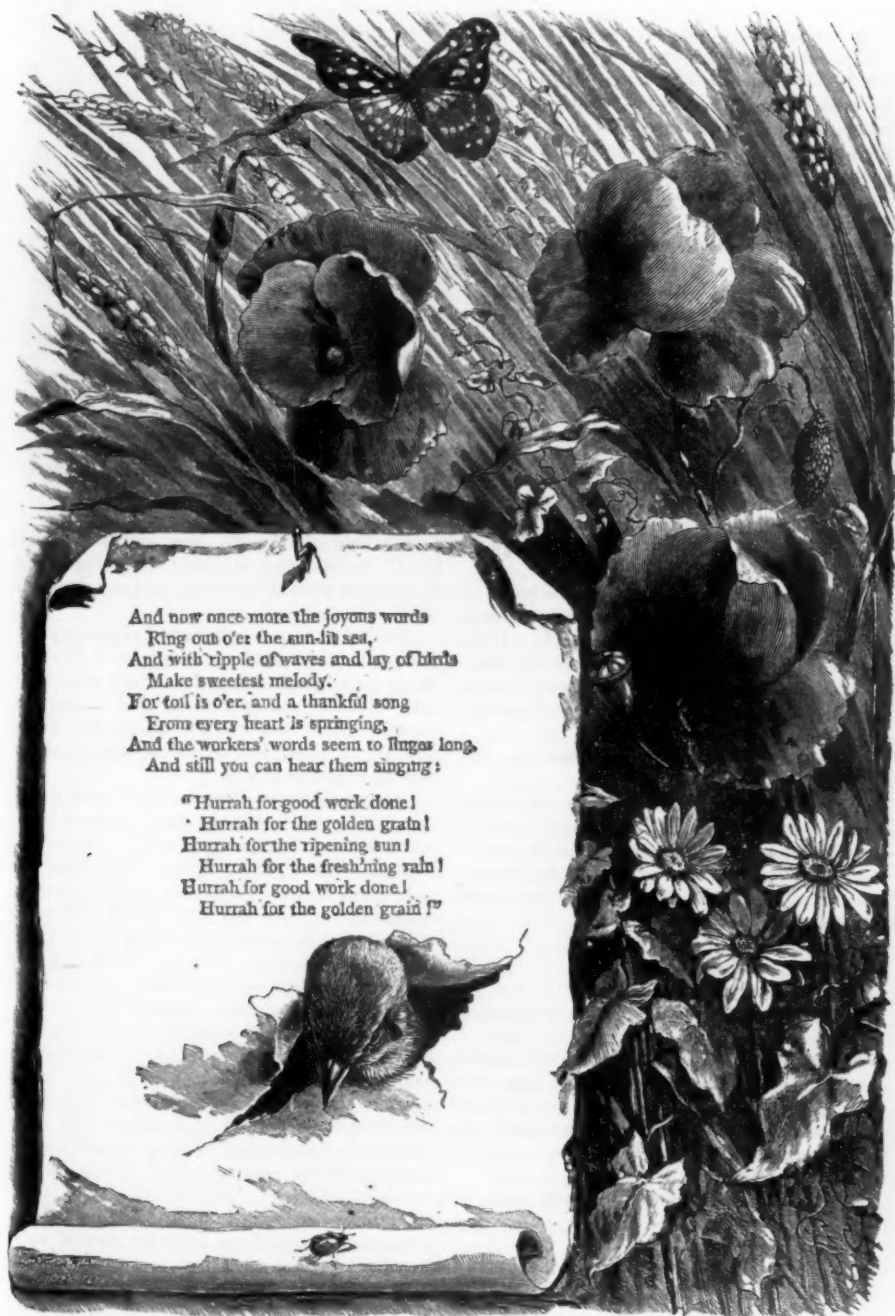
THE wind blows in at early morn
Across the rippling sea,
And dances along o'er the rustling corn,
That welcomes it lovingly.
Ah, summer breeze, caress while you may!
Bees, linger with your humming!
For the golden grain will be gathered to-day,
The harvesters are coming!

E'en now you may hear their joyous shout
Far down in the shady lane,
Where the little brook winds in and out,
And hides and peeps forth again.
See now they are passing the lowing herds,
And the pool where darts the swallow,
And their song wafts up with the song of birds,
Right down from the leafy hollow:

"Hurrah for the work begun!
Hurrah for the golden grain!
Hurrah for the ripening sun!
Hurrah for the fresh'ning rain!
Hurrah for the work begun!
Hurrah for the golden grain!"

II.

The wind blows in at eve again
Across the shimmering sea,
But seeks in vain for the rustling grain
It had wooed so lovingly;
For the corn is cut, and the golden sheaves
Lie heaped in the cliff-side meadow,
So it passes on to the nodding leaves
And dallies with them in the shadow.



And now once more the joyous words
Ring out o'er the sun-lit sea,
And with ripple of waves and lay of birds
Make sweetest melody.
For toil is o'er, and a thankful song
From every heart is springing,
And the workers' words seem to ring long,
And still you can hear them singing:

"Hurrah for good work done!
Hurrah for the golden grain!
Hurrah for the ripening sun!
Hurrah for the freshening rain!
Hurrah for good work done!
Hurrah for the golden grain!"

"YANKEE JIM."

"AUNT LIZZIE, when did you get that queer little horse with such a queer name?" I asked, as I noticed how the little black horse on which Harry had gone to the post-office came trotting up the road, with his head carried high in the air in the most defiant fashion; and, as Harry was reading the paper, did not wait for him to open the gate, but lifted the latch with his teeth, let it swing back, and trotted through. He did not shut the gate, however; that was not, to his mind, a part of the performance.

"When?" repeated Aunt Lizzie; "it was in 186—when Sheridan and his raiders were quartered in our town and all of Charlotte's children had the measles."

"Well!" I exclaimed, sitting down at the idea of such a combination. But, after all, there never is a convenient time for children to have the measles.

Aunt Lizzie looked across the socks she was knitting in good, old-fashioned style at me and smiled. There was a little twinkle of fun in her eyes, which were as bright as ever, although the hair under her cap was snowy white.

"I don't think it was unfortunate that both happened together, though it would have seemed overwhelmed if I had known it beforehand. It was just as Harry—he was the youngest of my grandchildren then—had been put to bed, very feverish, with his head and limbs aching, that Charlotte's husband walked in.

"Mother," he said, 'Sheridan's men are only half a mile from town.'

"I had noticed that he looked pale and startled, but I had forgotten all about the raid. All the rumors I had heard the day before of the destruction of property by the advancing troops came into my mind, but little Harry moaned and looked up at me.

"G'anma, is you afraid?"

"No, my darling," I said.

"And it was true; for the thought of that precious child just dispelled every other care from my mind.

"Robert went out, and I sat there with Harry; his mother was with the two oldest children, wondering when we should be able to get our doctor again and regretting that we had no more medicine in the house. In half an hour, or perhaps more, Robert returned.

"The troops are in town; have you heard the drums?"

"I had not heard a sound.

"Well, mother, I don't know what you will think of me, but I have offered this house to the Generals and their staff. The orderly was looking for accommodations, and I told him we had rooms enough for six or more."

"I looked up in surprise.

"We will be better protected by having the officers in the house," he explained. "They will not allow any depredation or rudeness."

"I saw the wisdom of it, and told him so. It had been a great trouble to us all when Robert lost his arm and came home so helpless, but it was a great comfort now that he could stay with us. Most of our neighbors had to leave their families and hide in the woods or escape across the river—you know we were very near James River—to avoid being carried off as prisoners.

"I can't tell much that happened for the next two or three days, for John and Harry were both very ill. Fortunately there was a doctor quartered in our house, and he gave us medicines and told us what was best to do for the children. But the third morning, while I was standing between John's bed and the window, I noticed a great stir in the streets, and saw the soldiers were marching out of town.

"We are going to leave you to-day, madam," said the doctor, smiling.

"On what road?" I asked.

"I think the people here call it 'Ridge Road'," he answered, evidently wondering to see me so eager, when I had never paid any attention before.

"But all at once it had flashed on me that my old home, 'Elmwood,' was on the road that the troops would march. Since I had been with Charlotte, who was not very strong that spring, the negroes—Uncle Sam and his family—had taken care of the house, but, of course, they could do nothing to protect it now.

"All my children—Rose and Willie and Charlie—died in that house, and there was not a room that was not full of thoughts and remembrances of them. There was the old nursery in the south end—I had rocked them to sleep as babies in their cradles there; there was Rosie's own little room next to mine. She never was willing for 'mother' to be out of hearing. The two chambers where my noble boys died, one at midnight and the other at daybreaking, had their portraits on the walls, and the chairs in which they sat—why, I always felt as if I could almost see Willie in the big arm-chair by the east window! I could not bear to think of the dear old home being burned down and everything defaced or destroyed that those dear hands had touched—perhaps even the tombstones in the old burying-ground broken. I had heard fearful stories of such things.

"I turned white, and the doctor thought I was going to faint, but I put aside the glass of water he offered me, and said:

"Doctor, I must see General Merritt at once."

"Sheridan had not been at our house, but General Merritt and his staff officers and another General whose name I have forgotten.

"He said, 'Madam, you shall,' and went with me to the parlor where the officers were all together, holding a consultation, with a map open on the table before them. One of them looked around and scowled quite fiercely at the interruption, but General Merritt rose very courteously and advanced to meet me.

"I had not thought of one word I would say, but you know the promise is that 'in that self-same hour,' if we give up ourselves to Divine guidance, we shall be given the true words.

"General Merritt looked at me very kindly, and asked if there were anything he could do for me before he left.

"'Yes, General,' I replied, 'there is. I will not ask for protection to my property; it is the fate of war to destroy, and I am willing to share the losses of my countrymen, but I do ask for protection for my dead. I have been an unfortunate mother—I have lost two sons and one daughter, and I have but one child left. Those that are dead are buried in the old burying-ground attached to my home. That is on the line of march, and my portraits of them—all the remembrances of their happy and short lives—are there. General, I have heard that it is hard to restrain soldiers, and that homes have been destroyed and even the tombstones that mark the place of burial—the tears were streaming down my face now—'give me protection for these.'

"As I looked up I saw the veins swollen in his forehead and the tears standing in his eyes.

"'Madam,' he replied, 'there is not a man in my command who would do so cruel a thing.'

"He drew a chair close to mine, and asked me, in the most gentle and sympathizing manner, questions about my children and their deaths. Then he said:

"'Madam, I will do for you all that I can. Give this gentleman, the Provost Marshal, a description of your house and its exact situation and I will issue orders for its protection. I must tell you that Sheridan's men have already preceded mine, and are doubtless several miles on the road, but I shall do what I can.'

"The Provost Marshal was a grave, quiet man, who had been listening with a kind look of attention, and he now asked me the most minute questions about the locality, etc.

"After answering them I thanked the General warmly and left the room. I never saw him afterward, but often I have thought of him with gratitude. Not a thing was touched at my old home, nor was even its threshold crossed by a soldier. It is true my horses were taken and provisions—that I expected—but nothing was defaced or wantonly injured.

"An hour or two after I thought all the troops had gone I heard a shuffling noise up-stairs, and

went up to see who was there, as Harry had fallen asleep and I did not wish him disturbed.

"To my great astonishment I saw two rough-looking men before the old bureau pulling open the drawers and dragging out clothing that had belonged to Rose, her dresses and other things. I forgot that we no longer had General Merritt's protection and how dangerous it would be to offend these stragglers, who were the worst of the whole army, and I sprang forward and caught the man by the arm.

"'Let those things alone, sir,' I said; 'they can be of no worth to you—they are only the clothes that belonged to my young daughter, who is now dead.'

"He looked astonished, as well he might; for I was a feeble old woman, even then, my dear, and they were two strong men, heavily armed. His companion touched him and said:

"'Come away, Charley; let us go down-stairs.'

"He laughed, a coarse, awkward laugh, but went down-stairs without a word.

"Very soon I followed, and the man who had called him off came back to me, touching his cap very politely, and said:

"'I have a horse here I should like you to have.'

"I saw a poor, broken-down, lame creature, looking as if he were at death's door, by the fence.

"'Thank you, sir,' I said, 'but I do not think he will be of any use to me.'

"'He is a good horse,' he answered; 'you can see he is well-formed, but he is lame and broken down. I have to leave him, and I think you will not regret taking care of him; he will pay you for it by his services; he is a faithful little creature.'

"I called the cook, and we got to work, feeding him and examining his foot; for he proved perfectly gentle.

"Robert laughed very much at first at my gift, but when we found all our horses were gone, and this little fellow began to pick up and show how much life and spirit he had, we were truly glad to have him. He has done us good service, as his master said."

"But why did you name him 'Yankee Jim'?" I asked.

"Why, as the man went away, I heard his comrade shout to him to come along, and he called him 'Jim,' so we gave him his master's name."

This is a true story of the war, and is pleasant as showing the spirit of kindness that was often manifested on both sides, though for the time they were opposed to each other in bitter strife.

* *

THE mind of childhood is the tenderest, holiest thing on earth. Let parents stand as watchers at the temple, lest any unclean thing should enter.

THE MYTH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

FAR away in the languid eastern air lived and waved a shrub; slowly and gently its leaves trembled in the spicy odors, drooping and fainting with delight, and absorbing at every pore the deep, exquisite sweetness of existence without a care. Lower and lower they hung their heavy heads under the too-delicious burden of the perfumed kiss, until one, more sensitive than the rest, dropped in ecstasy upon the rich carpet of grass and flow-

lifted from out its own nature by the strength of a yearning joy, it rises up a butterfly, with all the traits of a flower and the airy soaring of a bird. Still do its wings tremble, leaf-like, as was its wont in times gone by; still does the old life call it back again to its primitive home among the flowers and trees, but the higher life ever lifts it above the earth and all its sorrows into the purifying sunshine. So it wanders through the livelong summer day, gleaming and darting in the bright white light, roaming from blossom to blossom, a beautiful, frail creature, too delicate for earth and its realities.

Thus was the tale chaunted by the dusky East Indian under the shadow of the plane and palm, the burning fire of the pomegranate, and the golden disk of the orange bending low athwart his cheek, chaunting it out to strange and plaintive music and an accompaniment of the rippling waters of the Ganges.

Come to the mystic-eyed Egyptians—deep students of a hoary religion—and hearken to their dim voices drifting down to us from out the lofty aisles of their Cyclopean temples, in the suggestive fable of Osiris—Osiris, the old Egyptian god who lay dead for a time in his coffin, and whom the great rulers of the solemn council of the immortals released from his bonds and invested with a bright immortality—is aptly symbolized in their minds by the butterfly, that from the dusky drapery of its web and apparent lifelessness, breaks its cerements, like the god, and ascends, a



ere awaiting it. Over it hovered the brilliant birds of the southern sun, with blue wings gleaming in metallic sheen or flashing with a gorgeous whirl of crimson and gold. Nearer and closer they swept to the fallen leaf, quivering in rapture with excess of color and light, and from their swift wings fell fleeting breezes, stirring the leaves more and more, and reflecting upon them their own bright image in a thousand jeweled hues. Gradually, from russet green the little leaf blushed and glowed and stirred and fluttered; stronger and plainer the metamorphose shows itself, until,

glorified creature, shining with ethereal attributes.

So passed the symbol to the white-robed Greeks, who, with their poetic art, evolved from it a myth more beautiful and tender than all its predecessors.

Sweet Psyche, youngest daughter of a powerful king, was endowed by the gods with graces superior even to Venus herself. So beautiful was she that men adored and the gods themselves stood entranced with a sense of her matchless loveliness. The powerful king, her father, rejoiced in his

daughter's beauty for its own sweet sake, but her sisters exulted from baser motives; for they well knew that no mortal durst seek the hand of one so far above them in celestial attributes.

At length the oracle spoke, and the command went forth that the exquisite Psyche should be adorned for her bridegroom and led to a neighboring mountain, there to await his coming.

The dove-attended Venus in her bower roused angrily from her slumbers and ordered Eros, her well-beloved son, to hasten to this bold disputer of her kingdom and inspire her with a devouring love for the ugliest of mortals. This the obedient Eros hastened to do, but lo! so tender, so ethereal was the beauty of the maiden that Eros hastened to throw aside his arrows; for he had no further need of them; he had found his destined mate, and the love of the god centered upon her, and her alone, who henceforth was to be to him the only one out of all the fair world and happy heavens.

To Zephyrus, then, "the gently blowing west wind," he appealed, and calling him from out his breezy cavern, summoned him to his aid; then, hastening to Somnus, nodding with heavy lids among his poppies, commanded his assistance, and, as the sceptre of the sleepy god waved over her, down sank drowsy Psyche, laid low by the power of his arts; and Zephyrus, gently whispering, lifted her with loving touches, and wafted her far away to the happy mountains, where, in a fairy palace, soft music murmured and flowers breathed their perfume throughout the long, bright summer day.

A sweet, delicious dream of love ensued for Psyche, troubled but by one dusky shadow. Her adored husband remained ever unseen; his cherished voice rang in her ears; his loving kiss burned upon her lips; but, entreat as she might, with all her heart's longing blazing from her beautiful eyes, the god continued invisible, ever cautioning her against her curiosity as a fatal, deadly thing.

Drop by drop her envious sisters instilled into her mind the poison of suspicion, till finally Psyche, with trembling hand and agonized heart, stood over the hidden god with a lamp to illumine the supposed monster and a dagger to annihilate his horrid life.

Alas! poor Psyche! In her ecstatic delight at the sight of the adorable, sleeping god, instead of the dreadful vision she expected, she let fall a drop of burning oil on the shoulder of Eros, who awoke, and, regarding her with mingled contempt and pity, vanished from her sight. Conscious that she had forfeited the love of Eros, the forlorn Psyche wandered far and wide throughout the world, appealing in her heavy search from gods to men, and back to gods again for help, and finding none but in the rough god Pan, who, with his little



goats' feet and pointed ears, comforted her by the assurance that she should at last recover her husband, then blowing on his reedy pipes so sweet a measure that for a time she quite forgot her troubles.

Venus, still jealously angry, offered, with a smiling face, a fearful task to Psyche.

"Seek Prosperina, Queen of Orcus, and from her demand a box containing the highest charm of beauty."

So spoke the irate goddess, and Psyche, with

renewed hope, sped forth on her dangerous quest. Helped by invisible beings whom Eros, who loved her still, sent to her aid, and provided with a cake to tame the tri-headed Cerberus, as well as money to propitiate the boatman Charon, she ventured with fear and trembling into the gloomy gulf of Orcus; and, achieving successfully her errand, returned to the upper regions of the world and life, with the precious box in her hand, but having previously been cautioned against opening it. But once again Psyche's besetting weakness overcame her, and, unable to resist the temptation, she lifted the lid, and a noxious vapor enveloped her, casting her into a deep sleep by its poisonous fumes.

Yet once more Eros sped swiftly to her rescue, and, restoring her to life and renewed love, led her to the throne of Jove himself, proclaiming her his lawful wife, his own forever and forever.

Jove, moved by her faithful love, endowed her with immortality, admitting her to a throne in company of the gods, and amid sweet songs and graceful dances, that which had a commencement upon earth was crowned in Heaven; and Eros sings and Psyche loves still, in the islands of the blest. And so the old Greek Pindar sings in his second ode:

"The islands of the blest, they say,
The islands of the blest

Are peaceful and happy by night and day,
Far away in the glorious west.

"They need not the moon in that land of delight,
They need not the pale, pale star.
The sun, he is bright by day and night,
Where the souls of the blessed are.

"They till not the ground, they plow not the wave,
They labor not—never! oh! never,
Not a tear do they shed, not a sigh do they heave,
They are happy forever and ever.

"Soft is the breeze like the evening one,
When the sun hath gone to his rest,
And the sky is pure and the clouds there are none
In the islands of the blest.

"The deep, clear sea in its many bed,
Doth garlands of gems unfold;
Not a tree but blazes with crowns for the dead,
Even flowers of living gold."

So stands Psyche—a tender, loving spirit, her little butterfly wings bearing her upward and becoming an exquisite emblem of her immortality.

H. S. A.

BRING up your children to joy. Give them just as much as they can take without intoxication and without reaction. If you take too much of any one essential you cheat some other. Equipoise of the various elements of our being is what we want.

HANS AND THE GOLDEN APPLE.

THE priest's own eyes were tearful,
The women softly wept,
For just across the mountain
An avalanche had swept.
And out of all the family
Of Gustave there was left
But Lise, the year-old baby,
Of home and friends bereft.

The old priest asked an offering
From each, however small,
And told them that the dear Lord,
Who saw and loved them all,
Well knew they had but little
To spare the orphan waif,
But what they lent in this way
To God would come back safe.

Now, Hans, "the ever hungry,"
Had set out just at dawn
To seek the pastor's heifer,
Which far astray had gone.
And when back home he brought her,
The priest, for well-earned treat,
Gave him a rosy apple,
Too nice to quickly eat.

So, safe within his pocket,
The apple went to mass,
And, wearied out with walking,
Hans fell asleep, alas!
But now, behold! unto him
Appeared the Holy Child,
In brightly shining garments,
And said, in accents mild:

"Dear little Hans, for my sake,
Give Lise thine apple red."
And as Hans, wondering, wakens,
The lovely vision fled.
So when the carved alms basin
He passed, the old priest stopped,
Surprised to see Hans' apple
Among the kreutzers dropped.

But when upon the altar
He placed it, strange to say,
Lo! amid the copper kreutzers
A golden apple lay.
And in the pastor's garden
The tree which heretofore
Had borne the rosy apples
Brought forth that kind no more.
But shining yellow pippins
(That men might not forget
Hans and the golden apple)
It bore, and bears them yet.

VIRGINIA B. HARRISON.

"SISTER EYES."

CHAPTER I.

THERE are many girls and women nowadays who will sympathize with Katharine Ackroyd, as she sat one afternoon apparently engrossed in an instructive book, but in reality chafing against the monotonous littleness of her ex-

periences. Misses Ackroyd were never idle; and yet she knew in her heart that it was all a farce—neither she nor her sisters were doing any real work in the world, and their platform of culture and petty artistic endeavor was in none but a superficial sense above the level of actual idleness.

Katharine was seven-and-twenty now, and had for many years led the tranquil, easy life of the



"ROUND THE TABLE * * * WERE GATHERED HER THREE SISTERS."

istence and seeking some worthier solution of the enigma offered by her presence in the world.

Round the table in the centre of the cozily-furnished boudoir, into which the schoolroom of former days had been transformed, were gathered her three sisters, busy over their various so-called pursuits. She could not blame them for their industry, their content, their pleasure in justifying the oft-paid compliment to the effect that the

eldest daughter in a well-to-do house. Nothing was required of her more than she should play her part pleasantly at home and in society; should perform certain household duties and take an interest in those about her; should go out calling pretty often and be ready to entertain guests; should sing when she was asked, keep up her drawing, and always look ladylike. Mr. Ackroyd had never allowed any daughter of his to

teach or study for a profession, and absolutely prohibited work among the poor, with whom he had no sympathy. Probably it occurred to him no more than it usually does to wealthy fathers, that his girls may be mentally famished for the want of some employment affording deeper satisfaction than the most complete fulfillment of the simple duties just enumerated. And yet I know that Katharine was only one of thousands of girls who would be glad of the excuse of necessity to work, and who suffer in every way from the wide gulf that separates them from their struggling fellows. In her case it had been a certain nobility of feeling that had kept her from even wishing to undertake remunerative work—a perception of the fact that anything she might gain would be lost to some poorer woman, and that *noblesse oblige* might mean for her the cross of inactivity.

True, there was marriage as an alternative; but Katharine's love-story was a thing of the past, and she had never cared for any man since a certain Godfrey Hale had ceased to visit at her father's house. As a woman, hedged in by conventionalities, she had been powerless to dispel the cloud of misunderstanding and distrust under which he had quitted her, and now for five years they had not met. Even at this distance of time she could not look back to those days of silent, helpless misery without a pang of renewed suffering.

But there was one channel of useful activity in which her energies might find full scope without depriving needier sisters of their difficult earnings. A longing, of old standing, to lead the life of a hospital nurse had been asserting its sway of late, and this afternoon Katharine was slowly screwing up her courage to the point of trying to overcome her father's objection to her leaving home. The pay, especially at first, would be very small, and afterward she would be in the midst of opportunities for spending money well. The work would be hard and trying, but she felt sure of herself, and knew that if only her father's consent were gained, she would gladly put her shoulder to the wheel. This very evening she would appeal to him on the subject. Mr. Ackroyd was so peremptory, so quick to break out with hasty words of prohibition, so slow to admit his mistakes, that his daughters disliked above all things being obliged to question his decisions. Katharine knew a struggle lay before her, but she was possessed by a warmth of purpose that she felt would enable her to pierce through the crust of despotism to the fatherly love and wish for her happiness below. The excitement of the thought had its physical effect on her. Her heart beat quickly; she turned hot and cold by turns, and at the slightest sound in the hall tingled with little thrills of nervousness. At last she heard the lock of the front door yield to her father's latch-key.

With almost feverish haste she laid her book down and went to the door.

"I wish to speak to father alone, so don't interrupt us," she said to the other girls, who looked up in wonder at the odd vibration in her voice. Katharine's ordinary manner, very calm, very gentle, very reserved, deceived even the members of her own family, and any evidence of emotion on her part always created astonishment. On this occasion the surprise was increased on her failing to answer the summons of the dressing-bell, and when at last, in that punctilious household, both she and Mr. Ackroyd sat down to dinner in morning dress everybody knew the matter must be one of serious importance. Mr. Ackroyd maintained a grave silence throughout the meal. Katharine was slightly flushed, and a certain nervous contraction of the forehead, only noticeable in her when she was strongly moved, betrayed the state of agitation she was in.

At last, when dessert was put on the table and the servants left the room, Mr. Ackroyd broke silence.

"Katharine," he said, with a faint smile, "shall I satisfy your curiosity?"

The girl looked at him beseechingly.

"If you will, father, but don't—*don't* decide against me."

He laid his hand on hers across the corner of the table and held it while he continued.

"Wife, Katharine wishes to leave home—she cannot be contented with us. Hush! say nothing till I have finished" (for Mrs. Ackroyd had started in alarm). "She has given me a very simple, honest account of her present life, and it does not seem to offer much scope for the use and development of her best faculties. I, therefore, consent to her turning hospital nurse."

It was a very brief, abrupt speech, but Katharine knew what it must have cost her father, and a cry of joyful gratitude burst from her.

Up to the moment of their coming in to dinner he had refused to give her any definite answer, and she could not tell from his manner what his intentions might be. Now he had yielded and there was no impediment between her and the achievement of a position in which she might be of real use. She hardly noticed the wonder and suppressed admiration of her sisters, nor could even Mrs. Ackroyd's tender distress quench her delight in the freedom accorded her. From this moment she was not merely a young lady; she was a woman with work to do and a purpose in life.

CHAPTER II.

I DO not propose to enter into any detailed account of Katharine's life during her first three years at St. Nathaniel's Hospital. Suffice it to say that the hard work brought with it health and

happiness, and that among the many ladies busy there as probationers and sisters, there was no more general favorite with patients, doctors, and nurses. Her earnestness, energy, and ability strengthened her position day by day, and at the end of her three years' training a ward was at once assigned to her. As head nurse of the eye ward, with the new title of "Sister Eyes" and a number of patients under her own immediate charge, she was more completely content than she had ever believed possible. Her cozy little room adjoining the ward was an additional source of pleasure; for here from time to time she could indulge in long talks about home with her mother and sisters. In no way had she slipped out of the family circle; for a deep, affectionate nature like hers does not drift easily away from its early moorings. Rather she drew her sisters after her: all of them visited at the hospital, knew her patients, and interested themselves in every detail of her work.

Then, unexpectedly, into the midst of Katharine's new-found tranquillity entered that fertile element of disquiet—love.

It was at the Sisters' dining-table one day that the first warning of danger came.

"So I hear," remarked Sister Casualty, "that the new oculist has been appointed at last."

It may perhaps be as well to explain that at St. Nathaniel's no sisterhood exists; but the head nurse in each ward is called Sister, and further distinguished by the name of the ward.

"Yes," replied Katharine; "a Mr. Hall. Does any one know anything of him?"

"You have mistaken the name," said Sister President; "it is not Hall, but Hale—Godfrey Hale. He was house-surgeon here when I first came, and always especially devoted to your branch."

One or two of the older sisters joined in and spoke in warm praise of Mr. Hale's character and ability, while Katharine sat by in a maze of alarm and dismay.

Godfrey Hale! How would they meet? As strangers? As mere acquaintances? Or with the memory of something more than acquaintanceship tinging their manner to one another? There had never been any explanation between them; would the shadowy barrier of an imaginary wrong still make friendliness impossible? Must she still endure the hardly concealed disdain with which he had last parted from her?

Yet even that would have been more tolerable than what actually occurred. Her patients were hardly put straight next morning before the house-surgeon came in and informed her that Mr. Hale wished to make a preliminary inspection of the ward. A minute or two later the oculist entered, was introduced to "Sister Eyes," and, without the faintest movement of surprise or recognition, pro-

ceeded to put to her a few necessary questions about the patients. If Katharine had remembered that to any one coming in from the light the eye ward seemed at first to be in almost complete darkness, she need not have felt so deeply hurt at being unrecognized; but as it was, she found it very difficult to force down her womanly disappointment and answer quietly and clearly in her purely professional capacity. For her part, she would have known him anywhere. It was the same slight, wiry figure, the same keen, sensitive face, only the expression was changed; it was that of a man whose interest lay wholly in intellectual things.

"This is your most serious case, Sister," he said presently, laying his hand gently on the head of a poor fellow who had been accidentally shot in the eye. "I should like to alter the treatment a little."

He gave her a series of careful directions, and then quitted the ward, little dreaming what a sore heart he left behind him.

Next day he came again, quite unexpected by Katharine, as it was unusual for the visiting physicians to see the patients two days running.

"I have felt anxious about this case," he said, going straight to the bedside of the man mentioned above. "Did he sleep at all?"

"No," said Sister Eyes; "he was delirious with pain the greater part of the night."

"Ah! I was afraid of that."

He made a second careful examination of the sufferer, and again changed the prescription.

"I hope that will relieve the poor fellow," he said, compassionately. "And you will remember about the bandaging, Sister."

"Certainly." Katharine was more self-possessed now, and she raised her grave eyes steadily to his.

A puzzled expression of doubt and hesitation crossed the oculist's face; he looked at her with the nervous uncertainty of a man who is afraid of making a mistake. Sister Eyes smiled ever so faintly, and he at once put out his hand impulsively.

"It is you, Katharine!" And then in a moment his manner changed and stiffened. "I beg your pardon, Miss Ackroyd; I forgot the distance of time and circumstance that separates us."

She withdrew her hand with a quiver of silent chagrin. Would he never give her a chance of vindicating herself? Must they meet week after week on the same terms of forced coolness and alienation?

Something of the same sort passed through Hale's mind. Katharine's face, not perhaps so pretty as of old, but more thoughtful, sweet, and womanly than ever, brought up a flood of tender memories, and urged him to put out of mind the injury he supposed her to have done him.

"Let us be friends," he said, gently, at the end of an embarrassed pause. "This is no place for the remembrance of old wrongs."

"You know, then, now how deeply I was wronged," said Katharine, slowly.

"You!" he exclaimed. "I do not understand you."

"Perhaps not," returned Katharine, with a shade of bitterness in her low voice; "but that is not my fault."

They were standing together at the door of the ward and out of ear-shot of the patients, yet Hale could not feel at his ease.

"I must speak to you again," he said, hastily; "but not here—not now. Cannot I see you alone somewhere?"

She shook her head.

Hale turned as if to go, then came back. "I cannot wait," he said, impatiently; "tell me how it all was."

It did not need many words. They had been separated by the treachery of a mutual friend, a man whom Hale had wholly trusted. The oculist saw it all now, and realized what Katharine must have suffered. He went away full of troubled thoughts. At the time he had thought it his duty to wrench himself away from her, and by dint of long years of determined, persevering devotion to his profession he had schooled himself to forget her—or, at least, to believe that he had forgotten her. Now his hardly won peace of mind was disturbed as hers had been. Disquiet and unrest took possession of them both. Both knew that their old feelings had come to life again, strengthened, not weakened, by the lapse of time; both wondered what this unlooked-for meeting would lead to.

At last one day Hale looked in at an unusual hour to see the patient he was specially interested in, and they found themselves practically alone in the darkened ward and among the sightless patients.

"Doctor," murmured the man whom Hale had done so much for, "you are so good to us poor folks with bad eyes, you ought to have a home of your own for us, with Sister for head nurse."

The oculist flushed up nervously. On a man of his shy, diffident temperament the perception that this was an opportunity not to be lost had the effect of making speech difficult. There was a moment's awkward silence, and then he drew Sister Eyes aside.

"What do you say, Katharine? Will you accept the post?"

"Does it exist?" she asked, wonderingly.

"It shall exist, if you will give me courage to embark on the enterprise. I mean—I mean, Katharine, would you, as my wife, help me in the management of some such home if I could work its institution?"

Would she accept the double happiness of being his wife, and carrying on the labor she had given her whole mind to for so long! Her answer need not be recorded.

H. L.

JANET'S WAY.

"YOU couldn't spare me a very little money, could you, father?" Janet leaned over him as he counted some bills.

"If it is for something positively necessary, my daughter."

"I can't say it is exactly that, but I never get a cent of pocket-money now, father."

He sighed heavily as he answered:

"I know it and I'm sorry, but the pressure seems harder and harder every year. Wants seem to increase faster than the means of supplying them. Hand this to your mother, Janet."

"Forgive me for worrying you, dear father. I ought to be making my own spending-money, but there are so few ways of doing that unless I go away from home."

"We can't let you do that yet. There's enough for all if we are careful."

"Take it out to Bridget," said her mother, as Janet gave her the money from her father.

"Twelve dollars. Dear me!" said Janet to herself, rather fretfully, as she slowly walked toward the kitchen. "Bridget has earned it and I don't grudge it to her, but how I wish I could earn twelve dollars!"

"Wirra, wirra!" Bridget sat on the floor holding an open letter and rocking herself backward and forward with dismal groans. Pots, pans, and kettles were around in their usual confusion. "It's meself must be lavin' yez the day, Miss Janet."

Servants were hard to find, and Janet's face wore the accustomed expression of dismay with which such notices were always received as she asked:

"What's the matter, Bridget?"

"It's me sither's got the faver bad, an' it's meself must be goin' to her. An' it's six weeks intirely I'll be ahtayin' whin it's so far to be goin'."

As Janet handed her the money a sudden thought came to her.

"I'm sorry for you, Bridget. Of course, you must go if you must. Perhaps we can get along without any one till you are ready to come back."

"Mother," she said, returning to her, "Bridget's going away for a few weeks."

Mother's face grew as dismayed as Janet's had, for she was not strong and there were four boys.

"An' plase ye, ma'am, it's afther comin' to thry to get the place I am."

"What do you mean, Janet?" said her mother, laughing as the young girl curtsied low.

"I mean, mother, will you pay me the same you pay Bridget if I do her work?"

"You can't do it all, Janet."

"What I can't do I'll hire. I want to do something, and I want to get a little money I can feel is my own and that I have a right to spend if I want a new book or a bit of music or anything else. I can't get a school—there are forty applications where there is one vacancy. I can't get more than one or two music scholars. I can't dispose of fancy work or painting, and if I could I might dabble over them for a month and not clear more than Bridget does in a week, there are so many wanting to do that kind of work. Kitchen work is the only work there seems to be plenty of for girls."

"You may try it, but I think you will get very tired of it."

Janet spent a good share of her first week's wages in buying gingham aprons, rubber gloves, and paying a stout woman to come for half a day and scrub and scour until the last traces of good-natured, slovenly Bridget's presence were removed. Then, with clean kitchen, clean utensils, and clean towels, Janet took hold of her work with a right good will.

"We'll all co-operate," said father, when he heard of her intention.

"We'll all co-operate," cried the boys, and they kept their word well in bringing of wood and water and sweeping walks. And after the first morning she found that Tom had made the fire and ground the coffee before she came down.

"There's a great satisfaction in doing things thoroughly," said Janet to her mother, after the first day or two. "Before, when we have been without a girl I have always hated it, because I tried how little I could get along with doing and how much I could shove out of the way. Now that I am making a business of it I don't feel that way. And, mother, you would be astonished to see how little cleaning there is to be done when nobody makes any unnecessary dirt or how much work can be saved by using your wits to save it."

She never told mother how her back ached during those first few days of unusual exercise. This wore off as she became accustomed to it. Every day she learned more and more to simplify her work. A few minutes in the kitchen just before bedtime arranged things so exactly to her hand that there was no hurrying or crowding at the busy time in the morning. Careful handling of table-linen and other things made the wash smaller, so that the stout woman could do two weeks' wash in one. Janet found that there were few days in which she could not sit down when the dinner work was over.

Other surprising things came to light.

"What's the matter that you don't burn any wood nowadays?" said Tom; "I have so little

splitting to do." Bridget, like so many of her sisterhood, had always seemed to consider it her bounden duty to keep up a roaring fire all day, regardless of whether there was need of it or not, and father always looked blank over the fuel bills. One-half the quantity was now found amply sufficient, and a difference was soon apparent in many other things. The food for one person is always noticeable in a small family where a rigid hand must be kept upon expenses, besides which, Janet was not slow in perceiving how many things went further than before. Odds and ends were utilized which had been thrown away or had counted for nothing; for no one felt afraid of scraps done over by Janet's hands.

"We never were so comfortable before," said father.

"We never had such good things to eat," declared the boys, who had highly appreciated the dainty, though plain, cookery, as contrasted with Bridget's greasy preparations; for Janet, full of an honest determination to earn her wages, had given much attention to the getting up of palatable, inexpensive dishes, seeking a variety, where Bridget had moved in one groove.

"I almost dread having Bridget come back," said mother.

But the time came when she was hourly expected. Mother sighed as she took note of the spotless kitchen, in which it was now so pleasant to come and lend a hand at the cookery or sit with her knitting while Janet moved briskly about.

"It's time I was settling with you, Janet," she said. "Six weeks—I owe you eighteen dollars."

"No; six off for hiring Mrs. Bolt, and a few other things."

"Not a bit off, dear; I've been looking over the bills for the month and I find quite a difference, more than pays all your extras. Not only in meat and groceries and fuel, but I notice it in the wear and tear and breakage—dear me! I don't think five dollars a week covers the expense of Bridget being here."

"You don't, mother dear?" said Janet, in great delight; "then you are not tired of your new girl and anxious to have Bridget back?"

"No indeed," said mother, fervently.

"Then she isn't coming back. I've found my way of earning and I'm going to stick to it for awhile. It isn't all pleasant, to be sure, but I don't know any kind of business that is. Only," she said, laughing, "I shall insist on having my wages as regularly paid as if I were Bridget. I shall clothe myself out of them, and so be saving dear old overworked father about five dollars a week, if you are right in your calculations, mother."

"What will you do with Bridget when she comes?"

"Mrs. Whitcom wants a girl, so she can go

there. O mother dear! it's a real comfort to feel as if I were supporting myself. And I wonder why I never thought before how pleasant a way it is, this doing kind and pleasant things for you all."

And Janet worked on, feeling sure she had found her best way of securing her pocket-money in this expending of her energies for those she loved. How many daughters, restless and fretful for want of something to do, might find the same way blessed to themselves and to others in homes made bright and sweet by their faithful ministrations.

SYDNEY DARE.

receive their first impressions and ideas? and I am afraid we shall find it almost impossible to instill into their little minds proper ideas of neatness and order, if all their early surroundings are of an opposite character.

The nursery, or children's room, ought not to be, as many people make it, an attic or room at the very top of the house, used also as a repository for all odds and ends of furniture which are not considered suitable for any other room. I think this a very grave mistake indeed. Let the nursery be up-stairs by all means, as the air is fresher and circulates more freely there than on the ground



THE CHILDREN'S ROOM.

IN all houses, except very small ones, where there are children, there ought to be a room especially devoted to the use of the little folks. This, I fear, is very often the most neglected of all the rooms of the house. I do not know why this is, but it certainly ought not to be. There is assuredly no other room of so much real importance, for is it not there that our wee pets

floor; but let it be a nice, bright-looking, good-sized room, with, if possible, a southern aspect. Have a light, cheerful paper on the walls, and plenty of simple, pretty pictures hung round them. Many of the pictures given with the illustrated papers, if simply pasted on the walls, will serve the purpose. For a floor-covering I should recommend linoleum as by far the best. I have tried it myself and found it to answer admirably. It is very much warmer than oil-cloth, and decidedly

cleaner than carpet. It is nice and soft for the feet and easily kept clean.

The articles of furniture in a nursery need be very few and simple, but let them at all events be suitable. A model nursery, which is in my mind as I write, was furnished in the following manner. Floor and walls were covered as already recommended; a large table stood in the centre of the room, with a pretty, cozy-looking cloth upon it. A smaller one was placed in front of the window, forming a stand for some plants and nurse's work-basket. This I thought was a very good idea; the plants were a source of interest and instruction to the children, and, the table being in front of the window, prevented them from leaning out, which is at all times a very dangerous practice. A large toy-cupboard was in one corner, into which the little ones were taught to put their playthings every night when done with—a habit not easy for children to learn, but one which they cannot be taught too early. Some half-dozen neat, polished wooden chairs stood round, with one, rather larger than the rest, for the mother when she went to sit with her pets. The windows were draped with gay-colored curtains, which not only gave an attractive appearance to the room, but helped to keep out those tiresome little draughts which are always to be felt at the chinks of a window and which do so much damage to our little ones, almost before we are aware of their existence. A high, strong guard stood in front of the fire, and this completed the furniture of as cozy a children's room as I have ever seen.

It will be understood, of course, from what I have said, that the nursery which I have been describing was not made so much a "living-room" as a "play-room" for the little folks. The practice, so prevalent in many houses, of keeping the children constantly shut up in the nursery, when not out-of-doors, is, I think, a very bad one indeed. How should we, their elders, feel if we were compelled to spend so many hours every day in one room? Yet children require even more liberty than we do. I do not mean for a moment that they should be allowed to run wild all over the house; but the plan I myself followed, and which I have found to answer admirably, was this: whenever I had half an hour to spare the children were brought down-stairs to me and allowed then to have a good romp, if they felt so inclined, or sometimes we would have stories, after which they would return to the play-room quite refreshed and happy. Their meals, too, I always had laid down-stairs, where I could superintend them myself. Who so fit or able to teach the little ones gentle and proper behavior at table as the mother? Surely no servant, however good and faithful she may be, can have the future interest and well-being of the children at heart so sincerely as the mother; and it is only by beginning at the very commence-

ment to teach them what is right and proper that we can reasonably expect them to turn out well afterward. Another advantage of having meals down-stairs is that it gives time for the nursery to get properly aired and "put straight" before the children return to it. This will be found a much healthier plan than having all the meals upstairs.

There are many points of interest respecting the little inmates of the nursery themselves, upon which I should like to say a few words, but space will not permit.

A MOTHER.

SUNSET.

YE have lifted up your doors,
Ye chambers of the west,
That the King, in all his glory,
May pass in to his rest.

And glorious, most glorious,
Must hall and chamber be,
When through the open portal
Such wondrous things we see.

Oh! glorious, most glorious,
That couch of monarch great,
Arched with its crimson canopy
And decked with regal state.

With eyes intense with longing,
We stand afar and gaze,
While the olden dream of glory
Comes back from other days.

And firmer grows the longing,
And wilder grows the dream,
That from the backward distance
Still bright and brighter gleam.

We gaze into the chambers
Through doors but slight ajar,
And all our dreams and longings,
They seem to wait us there.

Oh! glorious, most glorious!
Are all the things we see;
The light of all that has been,
The hope of all to be.

And sadly, sadly, sadly,
We turn away and sigh,
When the monarch sinks in slumber
And the light fades from the sky.

And sadly, sadly, sadly,
We turn away to go,
With all the dream remembered,
And nought beside to show.

ELLA W. CLAIBORNE.

AUTHORSHIP: ITS PLEASURES AND PERPLEXITIES.

"YOU have been writing for magazines and other periodicals for several years, dear Aunt Sarah; please give me a little of your experience," said Fanny Coverdale to the dearly loved relative whom she was visiting, as they sat crocheting one evening by the cheerful glow of the parlor fire.

"My experience!" smiled Aunt Sarah. "Do you wish it for practical purposes?"

A bright flush suffused the fair cheek of the young girl and a look of sadness crept into the expressive eyes.

"Ah! I see!" said Aunt Sarah, sympathetically, "my sweet niece has been experimenting in authorship."

"But to no purpose, auntie"—the sensitive lips trembling with suppressed feeling—"my sketches are all rejected."

"*'Declined,'* my dear, *'declined with thanks,'* not being quite suited to our columns," quoted her aunt; "such a harsh word as *'rejected'* is never heard from those suave gentlemen—editors."

"I should be better satisfied to have that word, accompanied by a hint as to the faults in my sketch, than no reply at all or one of those printed slips, which conveys a refusal with an air of cold indifference that causes a chill to creep over me."

"But, my dear, you have no idea what a tax it is to reply, even in that form, to one-third the communications publishers receive, much less to write to each individual, giving opinions as to the merits and demerits of articles they cannot use. The printed slip, which always words the refusal in the most courteous terms, is all that should be expected."

"You certainly never received one, or you could not speak so lightly of it. More than two months ago, I sent what I considered such a good article to a magazine, feeling confident that it would be accepted and I should be liberally paid for it. So certain was I, that in my mind I had decided how the money should be invested. The very day before I came here, my manuscript came back and was handed to me at the tea-table, where sat not only all our own family, but some girl friends who had come to bid me good-bye. I could have cried with vexation and confusion, and when—the first moment I could slip away to my room to open it—I found only a printed refusal, O auntie! I felt as though there was nothing in the world worth living for."

"Even a printed refusal is nothing when one becomes accustomed to it," smiled Aunt Sarah.

"Why, auntie!" exclaimed the girl, a look of relief coming into her face, "you don't intend me to understand that you ever receive them?"

"Not often since my first book has proved a

success; yet it has not been so long since I received one as to forget its appearance."

"And did you not feel discouraged?"

"Not at all. I knew that if my sketch had suited the readers of that magazine it would have been to the interest of the publisher to accept, unless he had other articles upon the same subject that were better than mine. It only prompted me to scan the pages of that magazine more attentively to ascertain the style of writing which met its demands, and so make the effort to write something that would suit."

"And you were not angry, ashamed, or wounded because they did not think you of sufficient consequence to send you a written reply?"

"Why should I have been, dear? I knew that it would be unreasonable to expect an editor to tax his time to reply to me any more than to the hundreds of others whose manuscripts, either from want of space or unsuitableness, he was compelled to decline. In all my experience, I have never met with other than the kindest and most courteous treatment from editors."

"What did you do with your failure?" inquired Fanny, after a pause.

"Read it over at odd times, then wrote it again, striving to discern wherein the fault lay; then sent it to another magazine, and when that failed, to another."

"But that costs something, auntie; manuscripts are subject to letter-postage."

"To be sure it costs, but one must risk something to gain an end. After one's literary reputation is established, this uncertainty will be a thing of the past. One will then receive requests for contributions from editors, instead of sending their manuscripts at hap-hazard."

"Your articles are always accepted somewhere," remarked Fanny, reflectively.

"I have not an unpublished article in my possession."

"Had you no trouble with the very first you wrote?"

"I will tell you about that," smiled Aunt Sarah.

"My first attempt was in poetry, of course, which I offered to a magazine as far as possible from home. It was declined, and I offered it successively to six others with like result. When I remember what poor stuff it was, I wonder they honored me with even a printed slip, and had it appeared in print I most certainly now would be ashamed to claim it."

"Then you think they did you a favor to decline it?"

"I know it; what would have been of no credit to the magazine would have been of none to me, the author. I am grateful to them for saving me that mortification."

"But you say you have not an article unpublished?"

"Neither have I; and I will explain the seeming inconsistency. I had received one written reply wherein the publisher remarked that the theme I had selected was not essentially poetic and questioned the utility of trying to make rhyme of it. Like Othello, 'upon that hint I spoke,' or, in other words, I put it in prose, and took time and care to make it as good as possible. It ran the gauntlet of the same six publishers and was accepted by the very one who gave me the hint, which I had been grateful enough to profit by."

"I never should have taken one-half that trouble and borne with all those disappointments."

"My dear, a greater writer than I ever hope to be has said that genius is only patience and determination. I succeeded in my effort and found in that a reward for all my trouble."

"Did you receive compensation for it?"

"How could I expect that, dear? I was only an apprentice, and hundreds of other apprentices were doing just as good work—the supply was greater than the demand. I felt thankful that I had been granted the opportunity to say my little say."

"But it was discouraging to receive nothing at all for all that waiting and the many disappointments, to say nothing of the actual outlay in paper and stamps."

"When one's writings attract and hold the interest of the readers of a magazine, they are then of commercial value to the publishers, and no fear but they will be paid for. Of course that could not be tested by a random article from an amateur."

"Your sketches must have possessed merit or they would not have been accepted, even gratis."

"Yes, they had merit, but I was untrained—I needed practice and experience, and also lacked the knowledge as to what periodicals they were likely to suit."

"But, auntie, I would think an editor would prefer that his contributors should not all write alike; I should suppose that he would require variety, so as to suit the different tastes of his readers."

"Yes, but his magazine has its own peculiar style to maintain; the contributions must be variations of that style. Suppose, my love, that a milliner should go to a large wholesale house to get a supply of bonnets to retail to her customers. She knows the tastes of those who patronize her and her endeavor is to secure that which will suit them. Now suppose an inexperienced clerk should insist upon her taking a lot of imported bonnets, good of their kind, which she knows at a glance would not suit her customers, would she not be very indifferent to her own interest to take them?"

"She would, indeed; I never looked at the matter in that light."

"An editor has to be even more careful than the

milliner in question. I remember the first essay I offered to a certain magazine. It contained, throughout, an allusion derogatory to a certain sect. This could not be expunged without I changed the whole article, so it was declined, the publisher kindly telling me the cause, for which I gratefully thanked him."

"What did you do with it?"

"Kept it three years, reading it occasionally, and then changed it and sent it to the same magazine, where it was accepted, and as I was by that time commanding compensation for my articles, received like amount as for others of the same length."

"I had no idea that writing was so much labor; your stories read as though they were written off-hand. I shall never take so much trouble to have an article accepted, I am certain."

"Persons should not undertake to write without feeling the responsibility upon them of doing the very best of which they are capable. They should grudge no amount of labor and cease not their efforts until what they have felt it incumbent upon them to express has been as well said as was given them to say it. The talent bestowed upon them should be carefully and prayerfully used, not merely for the pecuniary reward and fame which may accrue, but because they are fulfilling the divine command to use to the best of its ability any talent with which they have been intrusted."

"Then recompense and fame are, in your opinion, minor considerations?"

"Yes, they are considerations, but not the highest. Comparatively few persons can afford to labor without recompense, which is in a great measure subservient to literary reputation. Let every article from your pen be the very best of which you are capable, and patiently wait for recognition and reward. It will surely come, although the time may be long delayed. Every article you write, whether published or not, gives you a better command of language, makes it easier to concentrate your ideas, and increases the faculty of imagination."

"It never occurred to me to feel any responsibility in writing," remarked Fanny, reflectively.

"My dear, every sentence one utters may, and most probably does, have influence either for good or evil upon some hearer. How much is that influence extended when one's words are given broadcast through the land to be read, maybe, by succeeding generations; for it is seldom that books and magazines are ruthlessly destroyed. The instances are comparatively few where they do not outlast the poor, frail hands that pen them."

"One of the publishers to whom I sent my sketch," remarked Fanny, "said that 'his reader' had failed to find it suitable for his pages. I am sure if the editor himself had read it he would have liked it."

"Suppose the whole time of that milliner of whom we have spoken was occupied in overlooking the workings of her large establishment, and she employed, among her other assistants, one whose sole business it was to trim hats. Would it not be reasonable to suppose that the judgment of that trimmer, whose mind was not burdened with buying and selling and all the other perplexities of business, would be more correct than that of one who, in addition to a preoccupied mind, had not made that branch of the business a specialty?"

"Do you suppose, auntie, that other writers have tried so patiently as yourself to win a position in literature?"

"Yes, I believe that, with few exceptions, it requires years of patient bearing of disappointments and other discouragements. Yet it is all borne willingly when writing is as great a pleasure and recreation as it is with me."

"If I should ever have the encouragement to continue I should not wish it for a recreation merely, but for a life-work."

"It would then be a drudgery indeed. One of the greatest advantages in literature for women is that it need not interfere with domestic duties. One should not write long at a time, and with management there are few households where an hour now and then through the day and evening cannot be secured. Fresh from some household duty, which while employing the hands has rested the brain, it is with a deep sense of enjoyment one sits down to writing, doing more spirited work in those few hours thus obtained than in days if, absolved from all other occupations, she spend her time taxing the brain for something to say. Domestic duties are suggestive, and neither they nor the writing need be done poorly because one alternates with the other; on the contrary, both should be improved when one turns to either as a delightful change."

"Dear auntie, you have answered all my questions satisfactorily, yet in all you have told me I cannot see that you can assist me in getting publishers to accept of my contributions."

"Not in the least. The most even a celebrated writer can do is to recommend a new aspirant, which will assure the reading of the manuscript, but the accepting of it depends upon the article itself."

"And if not written by a person of some literary reputation it stands a poor chance of being accepted by a good magazine."

"The merit and timeliness of the article would cause its being accepted without regard to the writer; but, as a rule, the leading magazines have their corps of trained writers, and, of course, yours would have to excel in order to win a place. But, even with that lion in the way, I have often been surprised by unexpected successes in those quarters."

"It is all discouraging to me," said Fanny, sadly. "I had no idea it required training. I thought, until I tried it, that a good education and the desire to become a writer was all that was necessary. Besides, everybody says I write such excellent letters."

"For all occupations one requires training, and literature is no exception to the rule. Yet no doubt the path is smoother to some than to others. A gift for expressing ideas, the companionship of literary friends willing to give their experience, and, above all, a natural love for writing, are great helps. I mention the companionship of literary friends, but in many instances one does not have that privilege, unless after years of patient experimenting, they have succeeded in doing something that wins a place for them in the charmed circle."

"Why, auntie, are writers, as a rule, chary of giving advice to beginners?"

"I do not wish to give you that impression; I only mean to say that there is generally no more free and cordial communication between an aspirant and a writer who has years before passed over the same ground than there is between other strangers. Generally, one's experience is gained before she enjoys that companionship which is the sequence."

"Are there not books that could help an inexperienced writer?"

"I occasionally see a book advertised, the description of which conveys the impression that to be a writer all that is necessary is to buy and read. Three different times I have responded to such appeals, and will give you my experience. The first contained little or no information except what could be gained through *Blair's Rhetoric* and any standard grammar, of both of which I had a copy. The next was largely made up of the *modus operandi* of type-setting, printing, stereotyping, and the copyright laws. The third and cheapest, being nothing but a pamphlet, did give some hints that would have been useful, providing I had not already found them out by experience."

"What were those hints, auntie?" said Fanny, eagerly.

"To use commercial note-paper, cutting each sheet into two pages, to write on but one side of the page, to number every page, to tie each chapter by itself, and not to roll the manuscript."

"Then the books were almost worthless," said Fanny, sadly.

"Not at all; I had in my ignorance made a selection which did not meet my wants, the very thing which you censure an editor for not doing who is too experienced to make such a mistake. Those very books might have been invaluable to many others."

"Do you believe there are any books that would be of use to me?"

"No doubt there are such books, but I have not seen them. The most they can do is to teach you to train your language; they can no more give you ideas than spectacles can aid one to read who has never learned the art."

"I cannot see wherein consists the pleasure of authorship," said Fanny, despondingly; "all you have said leaves but the impression of perplexing and vexatious toil."

"To speak only for myself," replied Aunt Sarah, cheerfully, "it consists in the feeling that I am, as I said before, trying to make the best use of the little talent intrusted to me; am slowly but surely conquering difficulties; am gratified by requests for story or essay from periodicals whose good opinion I value; enjoy the sweet companionship of literary friends in whose society one feels that there is no retrograde tendency, but the encouragement to emulate, and by so doing ascend to better heights. Even the chance sympathy conveyed by letter from the distant stranger is well worth all the toil which incited it."

"Does it not flatter you, auntie, to receive those letters of appreciation?"

"No more, dear, than if like appreciation were shown an excellent cup of tea or light, sweet bread and golden butter upon which I had refreshed my friends. The pleasure to me in both cases, and in equal measure, would be that they had enjoyed what I had set before them, and in nothing which I had prepared was there any ingredient to injure."

"Will you read some of my sketches, auntie, and tell me exactly what you think of them and advise me what to do?"

"I will, certainly, dear, and will aid you in any way I can to bring your sketches to the notice of editors. I shall, however, be loth to criticise, seeing that I cannot judge of my own work, but must depend upon the judgment of publishers. What advice I can give is at your service, but I fear it will be of meagre assistance. In authorship one must live one's own life, and follow where Destiny leads."—MRS. MARY E. IRELAND, *Author of "Timothy: His Neighbors and His Friends."*

RESERVE OF POWER.—We know well what is implied by a reserve fund of money or of time over the actual needs of our daily life—how it can be applied to a hundred objects of comfort and pleasure to our families or of welfare to the community. But it rarely occurs to us that the same thing applies in even a more effective and permanent manner to our vital powers. To have a surplus of strength is at once to have many opportunities put into our hands; and he who, by a systematic self-care, maintains this surplus is in just that proportion prepared to be helpful and valuable to society.

ONE WOMAN'S LIFETIME.

BY ISADORE ROGERS.

CHAPTER II.

THE next scene in our story takes us to a small room in the third story of a tenement-house in one of our large Southern cities. The apartment was very scantily furnished. The floor was bare; two or three chairs stood negligently around the room; a table, upon which was a lamp, a box of cigars, an empty wine bottle, and a pack of cards, gave some indication of the character of the place, while an apology for a bed, a bootjack, and a small stove, completed the list of the furniture. The room had a single occupant at this time. A young man, apparently about thirty years of age, had thrown himself into a comfortable attitude, lighted a cigar, and drawn a letter from his pocket for perusal. This man was no other than Harold Clyde, Clare Holister's half-brother, whom she so bitterly denounced in the first chapter of our story.

To a superficial observer, his general appearance was prepossessing. The powerful frame was compact and well formed, indicating strength and muscular development sufficient for all life's needful battles, but in no way interfering with the natural ease and grace of his movements. The forehead was broad and white, contrasting favorably with the smooth raven hair, eyes black and keen, and the somewhat stern expression of the mouth partially concealed by a dark, glossy mustache.

He finished reading the letter, and, leaning back in his chair, sat for some moments apparently in deep thought.

"Clare is a genuine financier; a real, shrewd, and clear-sighted woman," he said, at length, "and if her scheme is practicable, it promises better than anything that I have found yet. I thought she would have married a fortune herself before this time, but she never seemed to get over that disappointment. One hundred thousand and no risk; that sounds better; there's something so terribly suggestive of the gloom of prison walls in our present occupation, that if it wasn't that my necessities are pressing I would abandon it altogether. And Giles is such a desperate, dare-devil sort of a fellow, so ready to shoot if occasion demand it, that I'm afraid he'll get us into some ugly scrape yet. Clare is right; it will be far better to have the money come in a way that I can use it in perfect safety, than to have my enjoyment marred by constant apprehension; and there must be something in it or she would not have written. If the girl is sweet and amiable, well and good; if not, the money will cover any personal defects, and if she is not instinctively repelled by me (as women are not apt to be) I'll

risk the rest. A wife, young, pretty, innocent, and affectionate, cannot be much incumbrance on the money, that I can see, and I am quite certain that I shall not allow her to interfere with my happiness. It's number one that Clare has in view, however, that's plain enough, but it doesn't become me to question motives, especially since she risks her own profit upon my doubtful generosity; but she shall have enough of the money with which to buy a husband in place of the one that I cheated her out of. Let me see: She wants me to redeem the past by an upright life hereafter. She hasn't quite the same blood in her veins, and if she were satisfied that I would make a tyrannical and exacting husband, with her womanish notions of right and wrong, she might scatter the whole project to the winds in a fit of chronic conscientiousness, so that I shall have two women to manage while I am winning one. It is worth trying, and I'll write to Clare that I'm at her service whenever she chooses to summon me." And the man immediately wrote a letter, which for professions of repentance and desires to live a virtuous and honorable life and be a help and comfort to his mother and sister, would have done credit to a saint. This letter was duly dispatched, and after making what she considered necessary allowance for extravagant expressions, Clare succeeded in convincing herself that a real praiseworthy work might be accomplished in the reform of her brother, and the next question was how to bring it about.

Her brain was fertile, and she was not long in forming her plans.

Accordingly, she called at the residence of Mrs. Burns, Bertha's aunt, and represented to that lady the delicacy of her mother's health and the old lady's unwillingness to be left alone for so long a time, and requested permission for the young lady to take her lessons at the cottage.

Mrs. Burns demurred at first, but Clare explained the disadvantage of changing teachers when her pupil was making such satisfactory progress, and expressed her willingness to come for her and to walk home with her at the close of each lesson, and the aunt finally consented to accompany her niece herself on the following day.

They were shown into a little parlor furnished with articles that had known better days, but everything denoting scrupulous care and neatness. Not a particle of dust was visible, and Mrs. Burns failed to discover anything objectionable in the surroundings.

The only person to be seen about the premises were the instructress and an elderly woman, who sat leaning back against the pillows in an invalid's chair.

In answer to Mrs. Burns' inquiries concerning the state of her health, she described her suffer-

ings to an extent and a volubility that if it did not convince her hearers of the serious nature of her ailments it at least satisfied them that Miss Holister had a very exacting and irritable person on her hands, and that it would be unjust to so dutiful a daughter to take away her pupil upon any slight pretext, when she so evidently needed the money which it had brought her, and it required no second glance to convince any one that Clare would starve rather than accept charity.

There was certainly nothing in the appearance of the place to indicate that there would be any impropriety in allowing Bertha to continue her studies in this quiet nook, but to make assurance doubly sure, Mrs. Burns asked the woman who lived next if any other persons were ever seen about the premises, and received the information that Miss Holister was a very proper person and had resided there with no companion save her mother for the last three years; that her father was dead, and if they had any male relatives they had never visited them.

Having satisfied herself that there could be no harm in so doing, Mrs. Burns gave her consent to the arrangement and permitted her niece to come. For awhile she inquired regularly if any other persons came to the house while Bertha was there, but always receiving the same answer, she finally ceased to inquire.

One morning, about two weeks after the first lesson at the cottage, Bertha entered the little parlor, and to her surprise found a young man sitting near the window, apparently absorbed in the pages of a book which he held in his hand.

"Only my brother," said Miss Holister, apologetically, as she noticed Bertha's involuntary start at the unexpected presence, and after formally introducing the young man, she explained that he had very unexpectedly arrived, and would make them a brief visit before starting for the Pacific slope, where he intended to locate and build up a home for his mother and sister.

Bertha sat down to her lesson, but she was embarrassed by the presence of the stranger, who sat where he could study every expression of her delicate features, and her annoyance was so plainly visible that after a few moments he arose, saying:

"I fear that my presence interferes with the lesson; for the young lady may not be accustomed to practice in the hearing of a third party, therefore I will retire for the present and claim a song when the lesson is ended."

"And sing it yourself," replied Clare, laughingly, as he left the room.

With a feeling of relief, Bertha again began her lesson, with the intention of departing as soon as it was finished without regard to the proposed song.

When the hour of practice was ended, Mr.

Clyde returned and renewed his request, but Miss Holister said:

"Why, you inconsiderate man, can't you see that Miss Linn does not wish to sing for you? and besides, I told you that you should sing it yourself; so come here and I will help you." And, after making her pupil take a seat, preparatory to listening, she sat down to the instrument, and ere long Bertha, who had not at first been pleased with the arrangement to detain her, found herself listening in rapt admiration to the full, rich melody of their well-attuned and thoroughly trained voices; for, thanks to his stepfather's unyielding firmness, Harold had a good education.

Another song of wondrous beauty and melody followed, and then, with an apology for his intrusion, an admiring glance from his handsome dark eyes, and a bow which was the embodiment of grace and politeness, Harold Clyde withdrew.

Bertha went directly to the seminary and begun her studies and recitations, but the words of the song rang in her ears and her thoughts continually reverted to the handsome face and prepossessing appearance of her teacher's brother.

She did not mention the presence of the young man at the cottage to her aunt; perhaps an unwillingness to admit that she thought it of sufficient importance to mention kept her from it, or it may be that (just like you, my young girl readers) she thought there could be no possible harm in enjoying the society of a handsome and agreeable young man, and that her aunt might share in the unreasonable prejudices which all elderly women having the care of young girls seem to entertain against handsome and fascinating young men, or she may have thought she knew, *herself*, what was right and proper to do, and in the fancied security of her own self-confidence, drifted on, unconscious of the fact that she was drifting at all. These are only surmises, however, reasoning from the natural disposition of girls in general; for Bertha Linn was always obedient and respectful, and had never set up her own will in opposition to those to whose authority she was subject.

"What do you think of her?" asked Clare, as soon as Bertha was out of hearing.

"Think of her? why just this: that any man who would not be content to live a good and virtuous life with such a winsome creature for a wife, accompanied by a magnificent dowry besides, is unworthy to live at all," he said, decidedly; "and, Clare, if your management secures this rare blossom for me I'll make a solemn vow to place you beyond the reach of toil and poverty for the rest of your life. You do not think it possible that the father would disinherit her, do you?"

"No; she is his only child and the idol of his heart, but great will be his wrath when he discovers that you have robbed him of his treasure," said Clare.

"I don't care for his wrath, if I only get his money, which I do not think he will withhold when I have convinced him that instead of losing a daughter he has gained a son," replied Clyde.

Harold retired as before, when next Bertha came to take her lesson; for he was a thorough man of the world, and he knew by the exquisitely delicate and sensitive organization of the girl that the least haste or obtrusiveness upon his part would shock her sensibilities and dispel his schemes entirely. He returned, however, at his sister's request, and sang a tender love ballad and lingered for a few moments' conversation before she departed.

Upon the next occasion, she was prevailed upon to join in singing a few pieces. By degrees she became accustomed to his presence, and the united efforts of the brother and sister to make her feel at ease soon caused the embarrassment to wear away, and the acquaintance progressed so gradually that Bertha did not realize that it was progressing.

As soon as her shyness and reserve had been sufficiently overcome to warrant such a proceeding, Mr. Clyde offered to teach her new songs and melodies during his stay, in addition to the instruction which she was receiving from his sister, which the trusting girl accepted, unconscious of the fact that the lesson of love was artfully woven through every note and tone of the bewitching melody.

Thus matters progressed for a few weeks, and, of course, there could be but one result, when this strong man, so well versed in the mysteries of human nature, brought all his art and skill to the aid of his handsome face and strong magnetism in the concentrated purpose of winning the heart of this motherless girl, whose affectionate nature had always longed for love and sympathy; for there had been no brothers or sisters to fill the vacancy of her early childhood, only her father, who had cherished her as the only pledge of affection left by the young wife so cruelly torn away by the hand of death at the birth of their only child.

And she had missed him so when she first came from that sunny land; for although the aunt was kind and thoughtful, anxious to do her whole duty by the motherless girl placed in her care, there was the dissimilarity of age, and no object upon which to lavish all the wealth of tenderness overflowing from that loving heart until Harold Clyde came with his arts and wiles to win it to himself.

Love is as natural to the young as life itself, and he had woven the spell of his fascinations about her without ever exciting a suspicion of design.

One morning, after Clare had left them alone for a few moments as usual, taking her hand and

looking straight into the depths of her truthful eyes, he said:

"My little one, you must not be frightened if I tell you how much I have learned to love you, and I want you to tell me truly, if I obtain the full consent and approval of your aunt and your father, can you care for me enough to be my wife and let me love and cherish you always?"

Her face grew as crimson as the rose petals in her hair, and for a moment she seemed bereft of the power of speech.

"Tell me, sweet one, for I cannot bear suspense; will you try?" he said, without taking his gaze from her face, while his clasp tightened upon the little hand trembling from confusion and embarrassment at this unexpected declaration. "Only give me hope," he urged, "though ever so distant the day, you will at least try to love me? tell me quickly."

"Yes," she said, faintly. And taking her in his arms for the first time, he pressed his passionate kisses upon her innocent lips.

For some moments he continued to mingle words of love and endearment with his bewildering caresses, but the instructress put an end to the scene by entering the room and announcing the fact that, much as she regretted to mention it, the hour of school was near at hand, and a case of tardiness reported to the aunt might be highly displeasing to that lady.

Bertha immediately took her departure, looking up once to encounter the tender, expressive gaze of her lover before passing out; but he followed her into the hall to bid her remember her promise and to assure her that the hours would linger upon leaden wings until he saw her again.

How strange and sweet it seemed to muse upon his words and to know that this grand and handsome man really loved and cared for her!

All day long the memory of the morning scene came between her and the lessons which she was vainly trying to fix upon her mind, and for the first time she went to her class with a faulty recitation. If she could have confided in her aunt, as she might have done with some young companions (oh! that the confidante of every girl could be her own wise and loving mother!) she might have had a friend to interpose a powerful hand to save the bark so rapidly drifting upon a deep and dangerous current, but the maidenly modesty could not break through the barrier of accustomed reserve enough to share with her this strange, sweet secret, although she would have found a true and sympathizing friend in the person of this middle-aged woman, who bore her only kindness and goodwill and was so anxious to do her whole duty by the motherless girl; but their lives and thoughts ran in such different channels that no conversation led to this portentous subject, but "when her

father came, with what joy and pride would she present her handsome lover!"

One evening Mrs. Burns met her niece with a troubled and anxious look.

"I have bad news, my child. My daughter is dangerously ill, and I have received a telegram summoning me to her bedside with the greatest haste. I must go, but what shall I do with you?" she asked, in a tone of perplexity.

"Am I an overgrown baby, that you cannot leave me for a few days with your trusty housekeeper?" asked Bertha, laughingly. "I fear that you have but very little confidence in my ability to take care of myself."

"You are a dutiful little girl," replied Mrs. Burns, "but I feel just as I would if your father had intrusted precious diamonds to my care which might be stolen from me if left unguarded for a single moment, and so far I do not think that you have ever been out of my sight that I did not know exactly where you were and what you were doing."

"It is a troublesome treasure indeed, that you cannot lock in a fire and burglar proof safe," replied Bertha, pleasantly, "but, my dear aunt, you certainly must know that no burglar would want such a useless piece of the home furniture as myself; if it were the silver spoons that you were worrying about I could see the point."

"My child, there are a great many things in this wide and wicked world that your youth and innocence cannot see," said the aunt, seriously.

"Well, auntie, dear, let us not give ourselves any uneasiness concerning a subject of so little importance as myself, but make immediate preparations for your departure," said Bertha.

"I do not see what possibly could happen; if you are ill the family physician could be speedily summoned, and Mrs. Dunivan is an excellent nurse," said Mrs. Burns, meditatively; "and yet I feel a strange misgiving in regard to leaving you."

"That is because the unpleasant news of my cousin's illness has depressed your spirits, auntie, so let us think no more about it, and I'll assist in your preparations to depart, for I know that if I had a mother I couldn't bear to have her tarry for a single moment when I needed her presence."

"I can scarcely overcome my reluctance to leave you, but I must go," replied the solicitous aunt; and as there seemed no other way, with many admonitions both to her niece and the housekeeper the good woman took her departure.

What a sense of loneliness settles over any household when the woman who is the home centre is suddenly summoned away! What a feeling of desolation oppressed the sensitive girl's heart as she went back into the large, roomy dwelling, over which an unnatural stillness seemed to brood, until it seemed as if the gloom of the pleasant woman's absence was more than she could bear.

If Miss Holister would only come, if she dared to invite her lover to the house—but that would never do. No explanation that she could give would warrant such a step, and, with a feeling of inexpressible loneliness, she took up a book in the hope of lightening the weary hours until time to retire.

The morning seemed even more dreary than the night before, but at breakfast time a letter was placed in her hands which lightened her heart as nothing else could have done, and she hastened to the cottage where her instructress and her lover awaited her, and, with a face radiant with happiness, exclaimed, as soon as she came into their presence:

"Oh! I have the best of news; papa is coming to see me!"

"Indeed! we congratulate you!" exclaimed both brother and sister.

And with a shy glance, she said:

"I am so glad that he is coming. I shall be so proud to introduce you."

"And I shall be proud and happy to make his acquaintance," replied Harold. "How soon may we expect him?"

"Next week," answered Bertha; "and aunt will return about the same time if not unavoidably detained. What a joyous meeting it will be! everything seems to bring me added happiness, until I feel as if I can scarcely be grateful enough. How I wish I could shed some portion of my own joyousness upon the life of some one who has too few of life's blessings!"

"Unselfish creature!" said Clare, approvingly, "you would carry joy and sunshine to the whole world if you could."

"How I wish it were in my power!" returned the girl, earnestly.

"Beautiful one," said Harold, with a meaning glance, "you have already carried heaven's own sunshine to the portals of one heart, and who knows to what extent our united efforts may bless and cheer those who come within the range of our influence, which may radiate and expand as the rippling circles upon the water enlarge from the centre from which they had beginning?"

"Selfish creature that I am!" exclaimed Bertha. "In my own great happiness I had not thought of the increased power for doing good which will be mine when my weakness shall be strengthened by one strong in purpose, unfaltering in the right, and fully competent to guide and direct me in the accomplishment of a noble life-work!"

"I shall be most proud and happy to assist you in attaining the grandest heights to which your father has aspired for you," said Harold.

And the girl was so willing to talk of her father, and her listeners so eager to learn all they could of him and his, that ere Bertha was aware the hour for her lesson had passed away and she had not begun.

"Come this evening," said Clare, after this fact was observed.

And Harold followed her to the door to repeat the request, saying:

"I have some new ballads which I am extremely anxious to have you learn before your father comes."

"I will try," she said.

"Do not disappoint me, dearest, for I shall count the hours until you come again," he said, with a tender glance that brought the color to her cheeks; and with a conditional promise she hurried away.

"Well, what do you think of the situation?" asked Clare, as soon as Bertha was fairly out of hearing.

"There is no time to lose," he answered, thoughtfully; "there will be no such thing as flattering or cajoling the father. I do not believe at the present time that he would consent to her marriage with the Governor of the State, and if he comes before everything is beyond recall we may as well throw up the game."

"What do you suppose he will think of you?" asked Clare, with a little anxiety, for it seemed very much like bearding the lion in his den.

"Matters must be so arranged that his opinion will not materially affect us before he has an opportunity of expressing it," replied the brother; and a lengthy consultation resulted in the perfection of his plans.

Bertha returned from school and lingered about the house until after tea, undecided whether to go to the cottage or not. But the house was so lonely, and the cottage so enticing, that finally, after informing Mrs. Dunivan of her intention, she started away.

"Please don't stay away long," said the solicitous woman; "it is not your custom to go at this time of day, and I would like to adhere strictly to your auntie's rules until her return."

She found Harold alone in the parlor when she arrived at the cottage. He met her with a tender smile and an expression more like sadness than was his wont, and, taking her hand, he led her to the sofa and seated himself by her side.

"Bertha, my sweet one," he said, accompanying the words with a caress, "I must leave you for awhile. I have received news which imperatively demands my presence in a distant part of the country."

"O Harold! must you really go?" she exclaimed, looking up with an expression of surprise and distress that was truly gratifying to the designing man who was closely watching her features.

"I must, my precious one, and I may be gone for months," he answered, impressively.

"But you will at least wait till papa comes. I cannot let you go till he sees you," she said, entreatingly.

"Ah! that forms one great source of my regret. I shall be so much disappointed in not being able to meet him, but I have just received a telegram which summons me to the bedside of my dying uncle; he was a father to me when my own was taken away, and the memory of his kindness makes it all the more imperative that I should promptly obey the summons; a day, even an hour, may be too late."

A great fear crept into her heart. Delicate, sensitive natures like hers vibrate and respond to the slightest touch of the hand that knows their chords, and every varying thought found its shade of expression in her truthful face. Would he ever return to her, or would some cruel barrier rise and separate them forever? A vision of desolation seemed to float before her as she thought how all the world would be darkened by his absence.

"Are you sure that you will be faithful until my return?" he asked, regarding her steadily.

"Faithful? how can you doubt it?" she asked, reproachfully. "Half the pleasure of seeing papa will be gone if I cannot present you to him. If I were only as sure that you would return unchanged as I am that I shall long unceasingly for your coming!" she said, while the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Bertha," he said, drawing her carelessly toward him, "are you willing to give me as strong a proof of the sincerity of your affection as I will give to you?"

"Most assuredly, I will make almost any promise that you may require," she replied, earnestly.

"Then I will make you my wife before I go!" he said, gazing intently upon the fair, troubled face beside him.

She looked at him for a moment in a sort of bewildered amazement, as if scarcely comprehending his full meaning.

"Will that be satisfactory proof of the sincerity of my devotion?" he asked, smiling at her astonishment and perplexity.

"O Harold!" she said, with a little gasp, "I cannot take a step of such importance without consulting papa; and, besides, I have a great deal to do to make myself worthy to be your wife. A mere school-girl cannot fill so exalted a position. I must educate and fit myself for life's duties before I assume them."

"You are a great deal too good for me just as you are," he said, tenderly, with the reflection that he had been able to make use of one truthful expression.

"Indeed, I am not," she answered, earnestly; "but I will study so hard all the time while you are gone, and I trust that you will find me more mature and womanly when you return."

"A marriage will not interfere with your improvement. You need not leave school for a single day, and no one need know it but ourselves, a

magistrate, and one or two witnesses. It will be just the same to you, only we will have the happy assurance that no earthly power can take you from me. If my uncle has, as I suspect, another in view whom he means to make me promise to marry, it will be no disrespect to the dying man that I am already wedded. And, Bertha, I cannot live without you, and I dare not take the risk of losing you. I go away to-morrow, dearest, and it will be so long ere I can look upon your face again, and I am asking no more than I am willing to give—simply to repeat before a magistrate the promises that we have made to each other, and surely, if you love me, you will not refuse to give this token; say, my sweet one, will you?" he asked, with all the pleading earnestness in his power.

"Wait till papa comes, and if he approves I will," she said, frankly.

"If I only could wait," he said, with the expression of one who longs intensely for that which cannot be; "but a day is a long time to the dying, and, though my heart should break, I cannot selfishly remain. You would despise me if I could so far forget my duty as to neglect the dying for my own selfish happiness. Come, my darling, you will make the promise?"

And for the next hour this strong, determined man used every persuasive art in his power and appealed to every sympathy of the tender, sensitive heart to induce her to comply with his wishes. He pictured his own grief and disappointment, the overwhelming anguish of parting, the great sorrow that her perversity gave him, and even questioned the loyalty of the affection that refused to give any positive token.

"Oh! if aunt were here to advise me!" she exclaimed at length, rising from her seat as pale as death and pacing nervously across the room.

He beckoned Clare from an adjoining apartment. The sight of the girl's distress and agitation appealed so forcibly to the strong, womanly sympathies of her inner nature that Harold had good reason to doubt the loyalty of his ally as she advanced, and, clasping the slender form in her arms, said: "My child, my poor child!"

"Curse it all," was Harold's mental comment. "She'll scatter the whole project to the winds with one of her spasms of conscientiousness yet."

"This is cruel," said Clare, regarding him with a look of stern resolve that filled him with alarm, for he knew that if her better nature were fully awakened she would dare to plant herself firmly in his way and defeat the very villainy that herself had planned and so nearly consummated.

"I do not want to be cruel—I only want to do right," exclaimed Bertha, bursting into tears and sobbing so hysterically that both brother and sister became alarmed.

"Not you, not you, my dear child," Clare said,

drawing the quivering form protectingly toward her.

"Tis fate that's cruel, dearest," Harold hastened to explain, and, going up to Clare, he placed his hand coaxingly upon her shoulder, saying, with all the earnestness that he could command: "I will be true and faithful, and love and cherish her always, Clare. I cannot, must not, lose her now; think how much of happiness depends upon it!"

He gently disengaged the girl from Clare's embrace, and, leading her to a seat, placed himself beside her, saying:

"Do not distress yourself, dearest; if you really care so little for me do not let any pity for my wounded feelings disturb you, even though my heart should break to lose you."

"Leave her to me," said Clare; and, mixing a soothing draught, she placed it to Bertha's lips and persuaded her to drink it, and then devoted herself to the task of quieting the nervous agitation which Harold's words had produced.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE CLUB AT DR. WENTWORTH'S.

"I SHALL call this Club to order by requesting all who are not members to retire," said Ethel Hunt, with an energetic tap of her gold pencil on the marble-topped table before her. "Susie, as we are at your home you may preside to-day; I feel quite unable to fill such a place with your Aunt Bell's criticising eyes upon me; you are more used to her and the position. I will enforce order."

"Very well," laughed Susie, "but you must put Ralph out. 'All who are not members,' Ralph, do you hear?"

"Oh! let me stay," pleaded Ralph, Susie Wentworth's brother, who was resting for a few weeks after his hard study at Harvard all the year; "you have no idea how good I will be; it will be very refreshing to hear you all speak."

"We won't have you," persisted Susie. "Why, we should not dare to open our lips before you."

"Then I could do all the talking. Aunt Bell, please take pity on me and plead for me; don't let me be sent away from you; there is no one left in the house for me to speak to, and what would I do with myself, thinking of all these fair ones uttering such grand truths? Do ask if I may not stay," he said, coming over behind Aunt Bell's chair. "I was always your favorite nephew."

"Because you are her *only* one," cried Susie, with a shake of her head; "you must go. On the peril of my life, girls, I dare not touch him if I want any peace the rest of the week. Ethel, enforce your order; help her, some of you. 'Is there none will rid me of this troublesome fellow!'" said Susie, with a dramatic gesture.

"I go, I go; was ever prisoner bound with such fair handcuffs?" said Mr. Ralph, standing in the doorway and raising his cousin Ethel's hands to his lips. "Think of what you condemn me to—an hour's company with myself—think and be merciful."

"If you know the subject we have for consideration, you may stay," said Susie.

"A vain hope; I have not the least idea. I wish I did."

"There, you said it then," laughed Ethel, as she withdrew her hands from his wrists and pushed him from her.

"I said it then!" puzzled Mr. Ralph. "What could it be; it must be 'I;' that was the most important word I said?"

"Put him out for conceit of himself," cried Aunt Bell.

"Well, girls, I suppose we must begin our little talk; it is past the hour. You see, Aunt Bell, it is nothing formal at all. We are all friends, and we just meet and talk on any subject that we may have on our minds. We do not always choose a subject beforehand, but last week we decided to talk about 'wishing' to-day—we all do so much of it. We concluded each to learn some thought of some writer, besides what thoughts we may have of our own. I will give you mine first, and then feel easy. It is not very poetical; I raked it out from among all the fairy lore I learned when I was small, or, rather, *young*," said Susie, with an odd little grimace at her wee self reflected in the mirror before her. "Now do not laugh or you will embarrass me:

"Once upon a time, in the forests of Germany, there lived an old couple who were very poor and often wished a fairy would come and grant them anything they could ask for. One day, as they were sitting by a small fire and talking of the fairies, suddenly one stood before them, and, waving her wand, commanded them to make three wishes and they should be granted. Then they tried to decide what the wishes should be, but could not agree upon any one thing. At last, in despair, the old woman said, with a yawn, 'Dear, O dear! I wish I had a yard of black pudding!' Presto! it was before her. 'You fool!' cried her husband, 'to forget yourself that way. I wish it was on your nose.' Up jumped the pudding on the poor woman's nose. 'Dear, O dear!' said she, tugging away at the pudding, which would not be moved, 'what shall I do? how I wish it was off' and it was off and up the chimney with the fairy, who left the old couple, sad, but wiser by the little experience.

"Not a very elegant selection, was it, Aunt Bell?" said Susie, "but I always did enjoy it so when you used to tell it to me, and it saved me the trouble of learning anything else. Now, Effie."

"I was surprised," said Effie Graham, who sat beside Susie and was her especial friend, "to find how much of our life is made up of wishing or longing. I did not think I wished for much when we first spoke of it, but I have watched myself all the week, and really, I wished for something all the time. We wish it would be fine, wish it was night, and wish it was morning; wish it was time for lunch and wish it was dinner time; wish something we are enjoying could last always, and something we do not enjoy we wish to be over; wish for this and wish for that—why, our life is almost all one long wish. I remember a few lines of Lowell's on longing; there were several stanzas, but I have forgotten all but the first. It was this:

"Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was e'er so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are
For one transcendent moment
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment."

I wish I knew it all, it is very appropriate and pretty."

"Mamma says I must not wish for what I have not, but how could I wish for what I have?" said Jean Norman, tossing her dainty handkerchief in the air and deftly catching it again; "I do not see any reason in it. She says I must not be discontented, but I do not think wishing argues discontent. I am satisfied with what things I have, only I want other things, too."

"You remind me of Josh Billings' definition of contentment," said Ethel. "You will all pardon the mention of the author, for the sake of the saying. He says that the 'grate ark of kontentment konsists not only in being satisfied with what we have got, but with what we haven't got and kan't ever git.'"

"And you remind me," said Carrie Daniels, "of a little story I read once. I learned it for my contribution to-day, and am glad to have so snug a place to put it in. I was not sure how it would do with all your fine selections:

"Once a farmer put a notice up on a tree in one of his fields, reading that any one who was perfectly contented with his lot in life, and had no wish, could have the field. For a long time no one claimed it, until one day a man driving by saw the notice and decided that he had not a wish in the world, so went to the farmer and claimed the field."

"Well there, girls, there is no need to tell you the rest—you all see the point. What did the farmer say? Why, he asked the poor man if he was perfectly contented. He said, 'Yes.' 'Then what do you want my field for?' asked the farmer. It is very absurd, but I have laughed over it so often I had to tell you."

"What I learned," said Renie Irving, "was this little bit of Jean Ingelow's—

"I wish and I wish that the days would go faster,
Nor long summer bide so late;
And I could go on like the foxglove and aster,
For some things are ill to wait."

For, girls, I want to tell you something beautiful that has happened for me since I saw you all last. I am going this autumn to Germany to study my music. Uncle John and aunt are to take me with them, and I am so happy. You all know how I have wished for this thing to perfect me in my music and make me able to do something for myself. You know I have no one to depend on really, like you all have; of course, uncle and aunt are very kind, but I cannot help feeling that I may be a burden to them."

"We are so glad," cried all the girls, "only what will we do without you? You will be missed everywhere. Where will our choir go to and all our parlor concerts we had planned. But how lovely for you, dear," said Ethel; "I am almost as glad as if it was I who was going."

"That was the same I learned," said Josie Desmond; "for I do so want to go home to my 'Sunny South.' It has been two years, you know, since I have seen them all, so you do not wonder that 'some things are ill to wait' and that I want the 'days to go faster.'"

"Some things are ill to leave, aren't they, Jo?" said Jean Norman, slyly pointing to the lawn, where Mr. Ralph was walking up and down with a book in his hands.

"Nonsense," said Josie, with a demure little glance out of the window and a shake of her black head.

"You have your 'story,' so you need not wait like the poor little maiden in the poem did. You remember the next stanza," said Ethel.

"I wait for my story, the birds cannot sing it,—
Not one, as he sits in a tree;

The bells cannot ring it, but long years, oh! bring it
Such as I wish it to be."

But we will not be personal—it is hardly fair. Mrs. Earle, you might tell what you are thinking of; you know the condition you came on was that you should do your part."

"I have enjoyed it all much, dear girls. I love to see you so merry and yet so thoughtful. I was wondering what you would all have to pass through with before you came to be where I am to-day. We wish when we are young and small that we could hurry and be tall, beautiful ladies with long dresses, and when we reach that we are not satisfied, after all. There is so much, often, hidden behind the beautiful dresses that is hard and bitter to bear; and you are very happy where you are now, if you only knew it. I mind me of that lit-

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the poem of Stoddard's. You have all read it, perhaps, but it is very pretty and sweet—

"There are gains for all our losses,
There are balms for all our pain,
But when youth—the dream—departs
It takes something from our hearts,
And it never comes again.
We are stronger and are better,
Under manhood's sterner reign;
Still we feel that something sweet
Followed youth with flying feet,
And will never come again.
Something beautiful is vanished,
And we sigh for it in vain;
And we seek it everywhere—
On the earth and in the air,
But it never comes again."

Not that I want to frighten you, but I want you to wisely improve the present time and feel that there will never be any time more pleasant. Try to be noble, true women, each of you; there is need of such in the world. Have good desires, not only for the outward, but for the inner life as well."

"I should not want to grow old," said Susie, after a silence in which each had taken Aunt Bell's words home to their hearts; "I think it must be horrid to live after you are sixty or seventy; there would not be much to live for."

"Yes, you would," answered Carrie Daniels. "I said the same thing to grandmamma once, and she said, 'Why, I am seventy and you are seventeen, and I have as much to want to live for as you.'"

"But I have such an aversion to it," said Susie. "I dread to get a day older, even; I am afraid something will happen to me, and I am so happy now. I am like Burns in his 'Wee Mousie'—forward though I canna see, I guess and fear."

"Perchance the dreaded future
Has less bitter than you think.
The Lord may sweeten the waters
Before you stoop to drink;
Or if Marah must be Marah,
He will stand beside the brink,"

repeated Josie Desmond, softly, with one of her "far-off looks," as Carrie Daniels called them.

"I have been puzzling all this while to recall the poem you spoke of, Effie," said Renie Irving, "and at last I can remember it all. I learned it one day last autumn, but had forgotten all about it till you spoke of it. There is so much in it that applies to our afternoon's talk that I will say it for you if you care to hear it.

"Of all the myriad moods of mind
That through the soul come thronging,
Which one was ere so dear, so kind,
So beautiful as Longing?
The thing we long for, that we are,
For one transcendent moment,
Before the Present, poor and bare,
Can make its sneering comment.

"Still, through our paltry stir and strife
Glow down the wished Ideal,
And Longing molds in clay what Life
Carves in the marble Real.
To let the new life in we know
Desire must ope the portal—
Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.

"Longing is God's fresh, heavenward will.
With our poor, earthward striving
We quench it, that we may be still
Content with merely living.
But would we learn that heart's full scope,
Which we are hourly wronging,
Our lives must climb from hope to hope,
And realize our longing.

"Ah! let us hope that to our praise
Good God not only reckons
The moments when we tread His ways,
But when the spirit beckons—
That some slight good is also wrought
Beyond self-satisfaction,
When we are simply good in thought,
How'er we fail in action."

"I am very glad to hear it all," said Aunt Bell. "I have often seen those two lines,

'Perhaps the longing to be so
Helps make the soul immortal.'

I have been thinking since I first spoke of the Buddhist religion. You know all their desires are swallowed up in the desire to be desireless, and Alger says that 'this desire to be desireless, carried to such a pitch as to imagine itself extinguished in its own fulfillment, is Nirvana'—the one end of all their hopes and longings."

"I remember the passage you speak of," said Josie Desmond. "It is in Alger's *Genius of Solitude*. I read it last summer—his account of Buddha, after I had read Arnold's *Light of Asia*. I was quite charmed with the religion and knew a great deal of the poem, and used always to be saying it over. I remember the third path in the way was right discourse—

'Govern the lips, as they were palace doors,
The king within.
Tranquil and fair and courteous be all words
Which from that presence win.'

I used to try to think of that, for I am so prone to speak hastily and sharply. I remember, too, that Arnold puts that truth, that so many poets have in their works, in such an easy way. He says, 'Make golden stairways of your weaknesses and rise to lovelier verities.' Tennyson, Longfellow, Holland, and others make it stepping-stones, ladders, and steps; but a stairway is much easier than anything else to climb."

"What an idea!" laughed Effie. "You are getting lazy, I fear. But we are over our hour long ago; we must have some music now, Renie."

"Why, Ralph, go out," cried Susie, as Mr. Ralph stepped quietly into the room.

"Indeed, I shall not. I have an invitation for you all from my mother for you to stay and take tea with us; her love to each, and she will be pleased to have you. No objections, young ladies. Jack is ready to take word to your respective homes. We are to have a game on the lawn, a walk to the river, and then tea. There—I have been talking in your midst and not added my contribution to your valuable matter. I have been poring over it for an hour trying to learn it and at last have succeeded. Please let me stand by the mantel that I may have something to support me," said Mr. Ralph, stepping forward and folding his arms.

"If you *do* say, 'You'd scarce expect one of my age,' etc., we will all go home," cried Ethel.

"Is that all I know? Listen and hear—

"Said the first little chicken with a queer little squirm,

'How I wish I could find a nice fat worm!'

Said the second little chicken, with a giddy little reel,

'I wish I had some fresh corn-meal.'

Said the third little chicken, with a funny little shrug,

'I wish I could find a nice black bug.'

Said the fourth little chicken, with a faint little moan,

'How I wish I could find an old meat bone.'

Said the old Mother Hen, from the fresh garden patch,

'If you want any breakfast you come here and scratch.'"

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"Please do not say where," said Jean Norman.

"But you will all know before the time comes. I promised not to tell you."

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THE GREEN LANE.

I ran along by the strawberry-field
And the cottage low and brown,
And was crossed by a narrow, winding path,
That led to the busy town.
And a lovely hedge-row threw its shade
O'er beauty rank and wild,
Where I played through the long, sweet summer days

When I was a little child.

And pink and scarlet and azure flowers
Looked out from the tender grass,
And birds swung low in the hazel boughs,
And the fragrant *sassafras*.
And the lane sloped down from the upland fair
To a willow-bordered stream—
A pleasant picture to childish eyes,
When life is half a dream.

It is long ago; yet I see again
The brown house on the hill,
The shade-trees on either side of the path,
And the rose by the window-sill;
The sunny meadow-land below,
The tangled wood before,
And I walk in the long, green fragrant lane,
For I am a child once more.

The wild red plum and the blooming thorn
Shake down their flowers of snow,
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SELF-NEGLECT.—He who neglects himself is to that extent weak. If he exhaust his energies, they diminish. If he strains them still more by continued endeavor, they grow yet feebler. Discouragement follows, difficulties surround him, and he has no adequate strength to cope with them; still less has he any reserve of power for active enjoyment or to promote the happiness of others. Perhaps he began by a sense of obligation to others and a willingness to sacrifice much for their sakes; but he has mistaken the road and has involved those for whom he toiled in his own misery.

HOW WOMEN CAN EARN MONEY.

By ELLA RODMAN CHURCH.

"BLESSED BEES."

IT is a constant source of surprise to those who have any knowledge of the subject that impecunious women do not more frequently turn their attention to bee-keeping. Occasionally, some enterprising woman, who has become independent through this source, finds her way into print, and a few private instances are encountered here and there; but, taken as a whole, the apiary kingdom seems an undiscovered region to those who could profit by it most.

A great deal of the honey used in the northern and eastern parts of the United States comes from California; and one bee-keeper has shipped from there, in a single season, two hundred thousand pounds, his annual income from this source alone amounting to twenty-five thousand dollars. This is, of course, an exceptional case; but over fifty-eight thousand pounds have been raised by one person in New York State; and from these statistics it does not appear a wild estimate to say that any woman of ordinary enterprise and perseverance and favorable surroundings could count on an annual income of one thousand dollars from bee keeping.

It is much easier, says an authority on the subject, to procure pasturage (in addition to natural resources) to supply a hundred hives than to provide pasturage for one hundred head of sheep, the profit on this being more than double that on sheep. The honey lost in California for want of bees to gather it is of more value than the gold gathered. It is estimated that the value of the honey crop collected annually is eight million eight hundred thousand dollars. The wax is estimated at six million dollars, or a total of fourteen million eight hundred thousand dollars. Of this amount, one million two hundred thousand dollars worth of honey and seven hundred thousand pounds of wax are exported; and yet, says the writer, the culture is only in its infancy. Two Michigan farmers, both of whom own large tracts of cultivated ground, had informed him that the profit on their bees exceeded that on their farms.

Would not the moral of this be, Give up farm-keeping and devote yourselves instead to bee-keeping? Michigan appears to be an especially favored State in this respect; and a newspaper paragraph chronicles the fact that "a couple of good smart girls at Farwell, Michigan, are engaged in bee-keeping. They have fifty swarms of bees, and have sent recently to market eleven thousand pounds of honey, worth three thousand dollars. Here is a new employment for many girls, who could make a good living in this business."

Michigan, Iowa, and the Western States generally, with California, furnish the best results in bee-keeping; and this fact must be due to abundant pasturage, for the Western States, at least, are certainly not favored with mild winters. A few years ago a little book was published called *The Blessed Bees*, purporting to be the experience of a very young man in Michigan or Wisconsin, who achieved a very handsome income in his first sea-

son of bee-keeping, and who gives in this volume valuable hints for the practical care of bees, whether his experience was just as it is stated or not. He had the advantage of beginning with a comfortable farm and a profitable apple-orchard, besides being able, with his brother's help, to manufacture the patent hives for his sixty colonies of honey-producers. The record of his experience, however, is very exhilarating, and seems to make it possible for women who lack many of his advantages to accomplish a very desirable fraction of his success.

It is a great surprise to the uninitiated to find that bees must be provided with a "rotation" of pasture, and that a few summer and autumn flowers are not sufficient for this purpose. The young man of *Blessed Bees* fame presented his farming neighbors with plenty of buckwheat for sowing, and he reaped the fruits in abundant food for his bees when there was little else to be had. But buckwheat does not yield the finest honey, as it is too dark in color to be popular for a table dish; and this enterprising John had his boxes labeled "Apple-blossom Honey," "White Clover Honey," "Basswood Honey," "Autumn Flower Honey," and so on through the whole catalogue. It was this excessive pains-taking, carried through everything, that brought him his large pecuniary reward.

Wherever the basswood or fragrant linden is found in any degree of profusion, bees will generally do well, even in a cold, wet season. This is explained on natural principles; the blossoms of the clover and other honey-producing plants standing upright and therefore catching the rain, which dilutes the nectar, if it is not entirely washed away, while the flowers of the basswood hang down, like an inverted cup, so that a slight rain does them no harm. "Hence, bees will go out after honey, during basswood bloom, immediately after a shower, while in case of clover it will be a half-day or more before any honey will be gathered after it has rained."

The person who gives this information from experience concludes: "After adding the sale of bees and queens to the amount obtained for honey, and then deducting all expenses except my own time, I find I have one thousand dollars as a salary for taking care of eighty swarms of bees for a year, during which basswood was the only tree or plant which yielded honey. Surely, bee-keeping will compare favorably with almost any other pursuit in life."

In spite, however, of the great value of linden blossoms as honey-producers, bees have been successfully kept without them; and white-clover honey is considered quite good enough for ordinary purposes. The great consideration is to see that there is sufficient food of some kind and proper shelter, not only from the cold, but also from the sun, which bees do not like much better. They absolutely must be provided with shade, and the shelter of blossoming fruit-trees or bushes is especially agreeable to them.

The great advantage in keeping bees is that they

"Why, Ralph, go out," cried Susie, as Mr. Ralph stepped quietly into the room.

"Indeed, I shall not. I have an invitation for you all from my mother for you to stay and take tea with us; her love to each, and she will be pleased to have you. No objections, young ladies. Jack is ready to take word to your respective homes. We are to have a game on the lawn, a walk to the river, and then tea. There—I have been talking in your midst and not added my contribution to your valuable matter. I have been poring over it for an hour trying to learn it and at last have succeeded. Please let me stand by the mantel that I may have something to support me," said Mr. Ralph, stepping forward and folding his arms.

"If you *do* say, 'You'd scarce expect one of my age,' etc., we will all go home," cried Ethel.

"Is that all I know? Listen and hear—

"Said the first little chicken with a queer little squirm,

'How I wish I could find a nice fat worm!'

Said the second little chicken, with a giddy little reel,

'I wish I had some fresh corn-meal.'

Said the third little chicken, with a funny little shrug,

'I wish I could find a nice black bug.'

Said the fourth little chicken, with a faint little moan,

'How I wish I could find an old meat bone.'

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require, comparatively, so little attention as to leave room for some other remunerative occupation at the same time. They can take care of themselves to much better advantage than the inhabitants of the poultry-yard; yet this does not imply that they can be neglected with impunity. The saying that bees will go miles from home in quest of pasturage has been proved to be true; but when obliged to make these long journeys for honey they collect a much smaller quantity in the course of the day because of the time and strength consumed in going to and fro. The city, or at least a country town, is not so unfavorable a place for bee-keeping as might be supposed, as, besides the little gardens often full of flowers, the suburbs are sure to have orchards and clover-fields, and afford pasture of some kind during the entire season.

Then, too, bees will take kindly to sugar made into sirup; and, although this is not the most economical way of making honey, yet when their natural food is not to be had it is much better than not making it at all. The experiment has been tried and reported as a "paying" one; and an ingenious bee-keeper, who wished to have his honey a pretty color, mixed a little cochineal with the sirup—resulting, in the finished article, in a lovely rose-pink. The beautiful color alone would be sufficient to make it salable.

The woman who is keeping poultry successfully is the right person to keep bees, and, as a matter of fact, she has the proper surroundings for several money-making pursuits, no one of which need interfere with another. Some people have an invincible repugnance to bees because of their stinging propensities; and the objection would be a reasonable one if it were well founded. But those who understand these useful insects best say that they have been much maligned in this respect, and that stinging is not the end and aim of their brief existence. The Italians, who produce the most honey, rarely sting; and these are the only kind of bees worth keeping.

"I kinder like what you said 'bout bees," said a stolid farmer to an enthusiastic "summer boarder," who had tried to stir him up on sundry points; "but s'pose I took a notion to set up a few—how'd you advise me to begin?" The summer boarder was obliged to spend a short time in reflection, but she finally showed herself equal to the occasion: "Get one of the best books on bee-keeping as a first step, and, when you have thoroughly mastered it, consult some successful bee-keeper on his methods; then purchase a few hives and learn the rest by experience." "That'll do to begin on," nodded the farmer, approvingly; and he proceeded literally to carry out these instructions. At the end of a year he pronounced

his bees "the best job he'd ever taken in hand;" and the summer boarder publishes this episode for the benefit of others who may wish to make a beginning.

"But where do you get your bees?" asks some one. "And how much do you have to pay? and how can they be sent?" A little study of the advertising literature of the day, in which bees have their full share, will make most of these points clear; and it will be seen that bees are obtained from those who have them for sale—that they are sent by express in box-hives of the newest improved style, and that you have to pay for Italians from twenty dollars a hive up, according to the season. They are cheapest in the autumn and dearest in the spring, after being housed and fed during the winter.

The amateur had better take her new departure with the coming out of spring, and she will find that two or three hives are quite enough of a charge at first. She will find herself watching them, however, until she becomes quite absorbed in their occupations, and wonders if anything short of humanity was ever so intelligent. The delight of these first cells and that first honey-making is quite beyond words to express; and it seems almost like heartlessness to rob the little workers of their well-earned gains. But this sensitiveness wears off under the pressing need of a new parlor carpet or a black silk dress; and the comb is either deprived of its transparent treasure by the honey-extractor or removed bodily from the hive.

An attractive way of putting up honey for the market, with the flower from which it is supposed to have been made stamped upon the box and a poetical name for the place whence it emanated by way of brand—such as "Roseglen Honey," should there happen to be any roses about the house—have much to do with its ready sale. The repetition of "Roseglen" lingers in the mind, and, associated always with honey, seems to make of that particular honey something rare and choice.

"But who buys all the honey?" is the next question. "Perhaps, after all my expense and trouble, no one would want it after it was made." It is not easy to tell who buys all the honey, but that great quantities of it are sold every year is beyond a doubt. There are so many ways of using it besides putting it on the table, and it enters largely into many preparations that are found at the apothecaries'. The market has never yet been overrun with it, and the common price at retail is twenty-five and thirty cents a pound. A moderate custom can be established among one's friends and neighbors, and some city dealer can easily be found who will be only too glad to relieve the producer of a superior article.

The Home Circle.

"MR. AND MRS. OSCAR WILDE."

THE square gardens in the rear of Blank Street's handsome residences ran back to those in the rear of Blanker Street's equally handsome residences, with nothing except high brick walls between. These walls, together with

dense masses of shade-trees, formed a sort of monastic gloom in which Blank and Blanker Street exclusives fairly revelled.

The ladies Gwinnett, of 1010 Blank Street, were electrified one morning last June on discovering that the house 1011 Blanker Street was about being taken possession of. This particular dwelling

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having remained vacant nearly a year rendered the fact of its present occupancy a deeply interesting one. More especially was it interesting to this household, where there were six young ladies, not to mention two older ones, with plenty of leisure time, and whose so-called sewing-room overlooked these newly purchased or rented premises.

"They must keep four servants," remarked Grandma Gwinnett, next morning. "I saw lights in both the servants' rooms last night."

"They've got red settees on the porch and red chairs in the arbor," added Alzina, as the day advanced.

"How do you know?" inquired Bethia.

"Stand here and you can see."

Then, turn and turn about, grandmother, mother, and daughters stood where, through bending bough and leaf-screen, each caught a glimpse of Venetian reds under the glitter of the westerling sun.

"Not that we mean to be prying or indelicate," remarked Mrs. Gwinnett. "I'd scorn to be either; still, I like to know something about my neighbors, especially those very near."

All this was true to the letter. I would not have any one think otherwise of Mrs. Gwinnett and her lovely daughters. The trouble was, they were offending from want of thought, not from any want of feeling.

A third report introduced an old gentleman. Estella and Ffine, ostensibly studying their lessons under the white frost fall of lace curtains, saw him at a window opposite.

"I really don't believe they've any children," said Estella; "we would have seen some by this time if they had."

"I wish they had a boy," sighed Ffine, aged nine. "Charlie Dreer and I used to have such splendid times studying our lessons on the garden wall."

"Don't think of such a thing as climbing up there now," answered Mrs. Gwinnett, her usually mild eyes stern with reproof as she gazed upon her youngest, the spoiled pet of the household.

"Never fear, mamma dear," chirped this precocious child. "I would rather stay right here."

No. 1011 Blanker Street had been occupied a week or more, when Cozelia Gwinnett witnessed so remarkable—nay, so startling—a spectacle, she screamed for "everybody" to "come quick!" adding, "Keep a little in the background, but do look!"

Folks declared that Mr. and Mrs. Gwinnett named their six daughters alphabetically until they brought up at the letter G. However that may be, Alzina, Bethia, Cozelia, Dena, Estrella, and Ffine put their brown and blonde heads together, kept a little in the background as admonished, and looked.

Alzina first, then the others, waltzed to the rear of the large sewing-room, and pierced the air with screams of laughter.

The sun is a wonderful illuminator. Just at this particular hour of the day he was doing his best along the shaded paths and in the secluded nooks of that garden directly opposite.

The over and interlapping branches were penetrated by such lances of light that the very heart of that stretch of green and gloom seemed to have been transfixed, and, as it were, revolved in amber and emerald splendors under the eager gaze of these young, bright eyes.

This is what this fun-loving half-dozen feminines saw. A youthful pair, apparently devoted each to the other, promenading the grass-grown walks. He was tall, slender, pale, black-haired, and elegantly yet simply attired. She, almost as tall and slight as a wood-nymph, was arrayed in such nondescript garb as to fairly defy description.

She seemed to be enveloped in crimson draperies intermingled with pale blues, white, and old gold. There was a gleam and glitter of silver ornaments about her, too—around her slender neck, spanning her snowy, half-bared arms, and even glistening on her bright red shoes. Nevertheless, her head-covering, which, by the way, entirely concealed her face, was more marvelous than all beside. It was neither more nor less than a floridly colored Japanese umbrella, divested, it was to be presumed, of the framework or handle, and fastened to her hair by a large silver arrow.

Any endeavor to chronicle the ejaculations and wild guesses concerning these odd characters on the part of these A, B, C, and G girls would be fruitless. Suffice to say that when Alzina, wittier than the rest, suggested that these were none other than Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde, they all rushed to one of the central rooms of that rather old-fashioned house in order to give way to their uproarious merriment.

Next day at the same hour the flaming lances dipped and lifted to view pretty much the self-same scene—with this exception, however: the gentleman sported a yellow buttonhole bouquet and carried the lady's red and yellow hat, while she, with her long hair floating over her amber and crimson robes, looked like a picture walking about in a gold and green embroidered frame.

"I feel ashamed, really," said Dena, her reddening cheeks corroborating this statement; "but I can't help taking a peep now and then. It's just too utterly utter for any use."

The following afternoon Peri Lamont called. Being an informal visitor, she ran up-stairs to the sewing-room and broke in upon the three older girls like some lovely vision in blue silk, with pink roses in her embroidered belt. She had just returned from a brief visit to New York, and—

"By the way," she remarked, as inquiry, items, and words, weighty or merry, flew thick and fast, "during my absence a schoolmate of ours moved into Blanker Street. She entered our room just before we graduated last year. Clementine Du Pont. You know her, Zina?"

"Do I?"

"Why, yes. She had such a handsome, devoted brother, and a father equally devoted. She's about eighteen now, and he—the brother, I mean—twenty-two. Poor, dear fellow! he's had brain fever lately, brought on by overwork, and it left his mind the least bit astray. They live in strict retirement, I am told, and humor him in everything. He is an artist, and likes to have Clementine array herself in odd costumes and colors, and she gratifies him."

Alzina's countenance would have formed a study, as well as Bethia's and Cozelia's, had this pretty Peri taken the trouble to examine either.

"Let me see," she said, parting the lace curtains still further; "their number is 1011. Why, Zina, that's just back here, and there—no—yes, there's

August and Clementine now, I do verily believe. What a German forest of a place it is, to be sure. I can only catch a glimpse of black and red. Come here, girls, and tell me if you don't see a bit of color there."

Thus summoned, the three advanced shamefacedly enough, and as they looked there was a sudden turning on of the light, a lifting of the green leaf-curtain, and before them stood revealed "Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde"—she in quaint apparel and wearing the sunflower hat, he simply dressed as usual and in lover-like attendance. But instead of wild laughter there were hushed tones and tearful eyes.

"Don't ever let on," whispered Alzina, as Peri dropped the filmy lace folds at the same time, saying, with quivering lips: "The scene is too sacred for stranger eyes."

"I never was so mortified in all my life!" exclaimed Alzina the moment the door closed upon Peri Lamont's sweet face and silken robes.

"Nor I," responded Bethia.

"I'll never ridicule anybody again as long as I live!" sweepingly declared Cozelia.

Let us trust each was in earnest.

Before autumnal gales stripped last year's foliage and sent it flying hither and yon, Alzina Gwinnett found her way up the crooked tree-stair to the seat on the garden-wall, where Charlie and Fifi once studied their lessons together. A tall, dark-complexioned, black-haired gentleman, with every faculty keen, clear, alert, bore her company.

Under summery greens and autumnal reds and russets they studied one lesson together, or rather repeated it. They got it by heart in three minutes after their introduction. It begun with and ended with—"I love, I love."

This summer-tide if there's a Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Wilde anywhere in that vicinity they may be found No. 1010 Blank Street.

MADGE CARROL.

ARKANSAS, May 29th, 1884.

DEAR MR. ARTHUR:—I have often wanted to write to you to extend from the lonesome hills of Arkansas the hand of sympathy and appreciation, and tell you how, in various ways, your book is a guide and help.

It is comforting in these days, when "of many books there is no end" to have the true, Christian, and helpful influence shed around the ingle-nook of a "home magazine."

Last summer, when visiting a friend's house where all but one daughter and her mother had succumbed to the enervating effects of our long, hot days, the mother grew languid and drooped.

"O Lizzie!" said I, "what will you do if your mamma, too, gets sick?"

"Well," she said, cheerily, "I'll run to ARTHUR'S MAGAZINE for help."

Is not the example of Lichen breathing love and patience in the midst of affliction, and "Earnest," openly and bravely letting her light shine, enough to induce hopefulness in troublesome paths?

MAY ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE continue its comforting, cheering round, knowing that every true, womanly heart is sincerely wishing it "God-speed."

DAME DURDEN.

LICHENS FROM WAYSIDE ROCKS.

No. 17.

ARE the flowers of Paradise any lovelier than these around me here, I wonder, or are there sweeter, brighter roses in the famed Vale of Cashmere? I can hardly see how it were possible. And in such profusion on every side! Great vines dotted all over with white or pale straw color greet my eyes every time I look from the window. Climbing up the pillars of porticoes and galleries, twining over trellises and arbors, making bowers of beauty and fragrance. On the mantel before me are just now arranged three handsome bouquets—pink, white, straw-colored, rich gold, and crimson roses. There is a beautiful yard across the street where a hundred varieties are growing and blooming, besides other small flowers of choice kinds. As I walk among them to cull and admire, the earnest wish always comes that I could send some of them to loved ones in other places, who must wait so many weeks yet before the roses bloom for them. Bouquets of these rich "cloth of gold" and crimson "Louis Philippes" should be placed beside dear Ruth and Nellie, to cheer with their bright presence.

Some say, "Always take bright-colored flowers to an invalid's room," but I would mingle with them a few of those pure white buds, so shell-like in their formation. I would twine a spray of white spiraea in Louise's dark hair, and place my favorite saffron buds and purple violets at her throat. "Floy" and "Earnest" should have creamy tea-roses and these magnificent half-blown "Malmaisons;" and a dear little woman at home should wear this exquisite solitaire bud, just opening in fullest beauty, and a bunch of great, golden-hearted pansies for thoughts of me.

Yesterday we visited some art-rooms, where we saw many specimens of the painted porcelain flowers—some on vases and urns, some just framed like wax flowers. They looked like wax, or sometimes like the ordinary artificial flowers of colored muslins. It seems astonishing that they can make such delicate-looking work out of such a thick material.

There was also a fine collection of pictures—the handsomest large steel engravings I ever saw and a few good oil-paintings—bits of landscape, trees and rocks, a log cabin or two, and a little sheet of water. There was one very large and beautiful one—an autumn landscape, with all the rich glow of the variegated foliage brought out by the sunlight, which throws a golden glory over the waters of a small lake, hemmed in on one side by rocks and forest trees and on the other by yellow sedge, wild grasses, and autumn flowers.

Then there were some of the new style of water-colored photographs in historical or poetical scenes. One large one of Othello, telling his adventures to Desdemona and her father, was particularly fine. But what riveted my attention longest, and claimed the deepest admiration, was a large engraving of one of my favorite heroines—"Lucille"—standing on the seashore in the soft gray twilight, with her soft gray dress, her white kerchief folded across her bosom, and a quiet peace and resignation written on the calmly beautiful face. She has just said farewell to the man who has loved her better than any other be-

ing ever did. And now, as she stands alone, the wide waste of waters and sand around her seems to express the loneliness of her life. Yet she does not quail nor shrink from it. She has long ago made her decision and accepted her fate with noble fortitude, and now goes to finish the work of her mission—

"The mission of genius on earth! To uplift,
Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift
The world, in spite of the world's dull endeavor
To degrade and drag down and oppose it forever.
The mission of woman on earth! to give birth
To the mercy of Heaven descending on earth.
* * * * * Born to nurse
And to soothe and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was Lucille."

I could have lingered for hours looking at all that was interesting in this place, for another room was filled with beautiful bric-a-brac and small pictures. But our time was limited, and we had to hurry away, promising ourselves another hour on some future morning.

A still more interesting visit was paid the same day to an Oriental Bazaar, whose proprietors were genuine Turks. Here was collected the greatest variety of beautiful and curious things in fancy art-work, from the most elegant Persian rugs, feather fans worth fabulous sums, Turkish coffee-sets, etc., down to the simplest little carved wood trifles. Large, flat shells, like a pearl plate, painted with scenes from Turkey and Jerusalem, and exquisite amber and shell jewelry, the amber of two shades, carved in most delicate flowers and filigree.

An image of the Saviour, carved out of a block of ivory weighing twelve pounds, was valued at three hundred dollars.

One counter contained thousands of small, ornamental articles, said to have been made in Jerusalem of wood from the Mount of Olives—a bright yellow-brown, highly polished. There were fancy boxes for paper or work, tobacco sets, napkin rings, bracelets, jewel stands, besides all the equipments for work-tables and writing-desks, and the desks themselves.

I brought away with me as souvenirs a bracelet of dried flowers from Palestine, made into a pulp and pressed into pretty shapes strung on rubber, and two tiny crosses of carved olive wood, each with a microscopic view of some scene in Palestine—pretty to wear on a chain as charms.

Here, also, it was impossible to see all we wished in the short time I could stand and walk around, but I laid up the memory of many lovely things to think of and describe to others in the future.

LICHEN.

REMUNERATIVE EMPLOYMENT FOR WOMEN.

MR. EDITOR:—Much has been written regarding proper and remunerative employment for women. Silk culture, poultry raising, and several other themes have been thoroughly ventilated, and the result has no doubt been very beneficial. But there are many ladies who have no opportunity to raise silkworms or follow any employment of that kind. To that class I wish to open what to me was entirely a new field.

Some three months ago an uncle of mine from

Albany, N. Y., was visiting at our home, and we were talking of plated ware, which he was engaged in manufacturing, and to gratify my curiosity he made a plating machine and replated our knives, forks, spoons, and caster. Some of our neighbors saw them, and wanted me to do some plating for them.

I have since then worked twenty-two days, and have cleared in that time ninety-four dollars. At almost every house I got from two to three dollars worth of plating to do, and such work is most all profit. This work is as nice for ladies as it is for gentlemen, as it is all indoor work and any one can do it. My brother, although he worked two days longer than I did, only made ninety-one dollars.

I am getting up a collection of curiosities, and to any of your readers who will send me a specimen I will send full direction for making and using a plating-machine like mine, that will plate gold, silver, and nickel. Send small pieces of stones, ores, shells, leaves, old coin, etc. Any kind of geological specimens will do. What I want is to get as many different specimens from as many different parts of the country as I can. Please address Miss M. F. Cassey, Oberlin, Ohio.

CHEERFUL GIVERS.

QUIET CORNERS, May 1st, 1884.

DEAR CLAUDIA:—To what tends all these murmurs, these repinings? You feel disappointed because, after having received a more than ordinarily good education, you are obliged to take a position which you are pleased to consider little better than that of a "common house-servant."

Now, as regards this position, opinions differ. Your parents have given you of their very best; no sacrifice has been too great, no privation too severe, no labor too hard, for their loving hearts. Their pride in your varied accomplishments is pleasant to behold. Nothing would please them half so well as to see you occupying some place high in the world's esteem and suited in every particular to your abilities and attainments; surely no one knows this better than yourself, dear girl. God, however, may have a different plan laid out. The good, faithful mother, whose love has not spared itself through all these years, has been laid aside from the duties of active life. The long strain upon heart and body has been too severe; the delicate frame is shattered, and now, when she had expected to assist in the launching of your ship upon the ocean of life, she finds that she must lie with folded hands upon a bed of suffering. Her heart grieves in the silence of her darkened chamber over the disappointment of your long-cherished hopes, and it may be (can you endure the thought?) that she wishes the death angel would bear her stricken soul hence, so that she may no longer hinder the accomplishment of her daughter's wishes.

Hasten, dear Claudia, to assure this, thy precious mother, of her mistake. Show her how joyfully you will now, in your turn, work for her who has so long worked for you. Be from henceforth a cheerful giver of every gentle, loving service she may require. Enliven her solitude with the manifold treasures you have laid aside during years of patient study and research—with tales of school

life, reminiscences of merry frolics, the thousand and one cheery nothings known as "greatest jokes of the season" once, but almost forgotten now. Bring smiles to the face over which you have thrown the shadow of disappointed hopes; bring color to the pale cheeks, which grew pallid in such sweet love-service. Sing merrily over the house-work, so that she may hear the music in her quiet chamber and be strengthened and refreshed thereby.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?" Angels rejoice to visit the humble abodes where dwell His children. Are you more exalted, more highly endowed than they? The risen Lord of Glory could prepare a meal for His weary, disheartened disciples; are you better than He? Cheerfully give the best of youth's strength, health, and abilities to your Maker in giving them to your mother. He has spared you. No service is of any value to God or man unless it be cheerfully rendered. A cheerful spirit is the distinguishing sign by which a true Christian may ever be known. Let the light that is in thee shine so brightly that all who come near may bask in its rays, may be cheered and enlightened; but especially let every homely duty of your daily life be performed, not only heartily, but also joyfully, as unto the Lord.

All the learning you have been so long treasuring up will amount to nothing—aye, less than nothing, if it be clouded by the dark shadow of discontent. Cheerfully, then, my Claudia, go through the daily round of simple house-labors, and in so doing thou shalt be blessed in the sight of Him whose servant thou art.

Thine in the bonds of peace,

R— A—.

MADE OVER.

"I JUST hate things made over," said Hattie, as she gave an impatient jerk to a dress she was taking apart.

She was the oldest daughter and was beginning to be very helpful as mother's assistant in the family sewing.

"If I could have my way it should be new cloth every time, and then it would be nice, fresh-looking dresses we should have to show for our work. Anything but things made over."

"Now I feel quite differently," said mother, pleasantly. "This nice spring weather puts me quite in the spirit of making over when I see such wonderful examples of it all around me—among the vines and shrubs and flower-borders and out in the garden and apple-orchard."

"I am sure, mother, every flower and leaf and blade of grass is just as new as new can be every springtime. Not even a withered bud but has crumbled away."

"Yes, dear; but out of the very dust of these and a thousand other most unlikely things the new flowers are made. God makes over continually everything in our world. It is supposed that not one atom of matter has ever been lost since the world was made. You cannot destroy it. You can only change its form. If burned, it turns to ashes and gases and vapors. These, again, are turned over into other bodies—often as unlike as possible to the first. Think what a wonder it is to make over a pile of old rubbish, as leather and

bones and dust from the chip-yard, into the beautiful vine leaves and tendrils, and rich, juicy clusters of grapes! or of making over a dead kitten into a peach!"

"What a dreadful idea, mother!"

"But just such 'making over' processes go on all the time, and we are glad enough to profit by them. So, since we have so fine a copy, it never seems very trying to me to imitate it as well as I can. Since we must practice economy, I like to do my best to follow the great out-door patterns—that is, I want to do my work as well as I can," she added, smiling.

"You generally succeed," admitted Hattie. "Your made-over dresses often look better than other people's new ones. But it is a sight of trouble," and she gave a deep sigh.

"That is just as you look at it. I rather enjoy it, so I feel it less. You will in time, and the more accurately and neatly you do your work, the more satisfaction there will be to yourself as you go along. Thorough work is the only kind that pays. Make the best of it literally. Even if you are a little over-nice at times—as I think I am sometimes inclined to be—the discipline and experience you will get from it will more than pay for the excess of time it will have taken. Wisdom is profitable to direct here as everywhere, and it is wasteful to spend a great amount of time over an old garment not worth the outlay. Goods of medium cost are the best in our circumstances, and I think for every one not absolutely rich. Only they can afford to buy the best, and the 'cheapest' are too dear for anybody." J. E. McC.

"AMAIST AS WEEL AS NEW."

TO the thrifty house-mothers with limited incomes, who love to keep their darlings attractively robed and their houses dainty and sweet, these notes may be acceptable.

A charming little "Mother Hubbard" wrap, so useful for baby's spring-day outings, was made from a long, white merino baby-cloak with a cape. It was heavily braided with silk and was dyed a lovely shade of red. The silk braiding took on a shade several degrees darker than the foundation, which proved exceedingly effective. The yoke was cut from a braided section and the ornamental fronts were left just as they were on the old cloak, requiring very little labor in making the new garment. With its satin bows and facings and the fall of exquisite Oriental lace from the tiny round collar, it was a beautiful as well as a comfortable and serviceable little wrap.

A quaint little bonnet was improvised at a trifling cost to accompany it. The little poke front of a ready-bought frame was covered with the fancy braid of an old last summer's flat, and the crown was covered with a *pouf* of red silk (out of the scrap tag). Shirrings of the same silk faced the inside front, and, with satin ribbon ties and bow on top, formed a lovely, quaint framing for the fair baby-face.

An economical yet tasteful use was made of odds and ends of lace and embroidery insertions. They were basted about one-eighth of an inch apart over a correct yoke pattern and united by a sort of open-work stitch, like that used in hem-stitching. They were very cool and pretty, and just a few yards of

white material, with a little lace and embroidery, sufficed to make several dainty little costumes.

As fruit-time approaches and as careless little fingers are apt to make sad havoc of our immaculate table-napery, a suggestion in this line may not be out of season.

One may not always wish to use the colored napkins provided for use with fruits, and still will hesitate before running the risks of getting her more expensive white napery stained. A very lovely, artistic set may be made for common use at an absurdly small expense, as follows:

Buy thirty-nine inches of fine, even, white drilling to make six napkins. Any mother who has ever used this material for her boys' shirt-waists knows that it wears excellently, washes snow-white, and irons to a satin smoothness, and it is these qualities which make it eminently desirable for common, every-day use. Select any outline patterns to decorate these napkins which you may fancy. Floral and fruit designs are graceful always, while those designated as Kate Greenaway designs are odd and picturesque enough. Trace them on the cloth (through a window-pane, if you can do so in no other way) and then go over them with a pen dipped in any good indelible ink.

No two napkins of a set need be alike unless you choose. Upon exposure to strong sunlight for several hours the coloring will be permanently fixed and will endure any amount of washing. After the fringe is nicely raveled out, a border of fancy stitching may be added just above if desired. The cost of each napkin is but two or three cents; but their durability and tasteful appearance recommend them fully as much as their cheapness.

Upon ripping off the faded, soiled covering of a lounge and large easy chair, the under side of the reversible goods was found to be as fresh and bright as new. It was very pretty, but too much worn to do any service if turned and replaced on the furniture again; so it was thoroughly dusted, cleaned, and pressed, then made into an elegant pair of straight bed-room lambrequins. After the addition of a plush band and deep fringe no one would have imagined the hard service they had endured previous to their elevation to purely decorative uses.

The fashion of using handsome towels for tidies is a very comfortable one in summer. The touch of their cool surface is much more preferable to that of tapestry, rep, or plush. They serve a double purpose, too, as they cover up the worn or soiled places liable to appear on the exposed portions of upholstered furniture. Gathered up gracefully in the middle, where a large ribbon bow is placed, they are very attractive, indeed, with their vivid borders, bands of open work, and knotted fringes.

The item of children's stockings is no inconsiderable one in the family expenses, and many a dollar may be saved by the judicious buying of these important articles for the older members of a family. If the best grade is bought, the colors and quality will be satisfactory until they have done full service.

Buying cheap stockings is sorry economy, and they are so undesirable in appearance after a washing or two!

I have lately seen some spun-silk and lisle-thread hose cut down for a smaller child which will serve for second-best wear all summer. New

feet-bottoms were neatly inserted and a bit of dainty silk stitching done on the insteps. The seams were opened and stitched, making them perfectly comfortable to tender little feet.

Stockings play a very important part in the dressing of children, since they more plainly indicate one's ideas of neatness and refinement than almost anything else about their costume.

LUCIA M. HARVEY.

DEAR OLD GRANDFATHER.

"Tis not much the world can give,
With all its subtle art,
And gold and gems are not the things
To satisfy the heart.

"But if those who cluster round
The altar and the hearth
Have gentle words and loving smiles,
How beautiful is earth!"

THESE words, sounding in my ears this morning with my first waking thoughts, seemed an echo from the old home-walls, where memory bells were ringing, calling me back to the old homestead among the hills. It was there I first heard them from the lips of one whose brow was crowned with the silvery hair of age.

Dear old grandfather! He has slept for many years under the sod his foot had pressed in bounding boyhood.

I have wandered far from my childhood's home and the years are long and dreary since his trembling hand smoothed fondly the sunny hair of his little granddaughter, as she lay cradled in his arms in the old, happy, care-free days.

I cannot remember my grandmother. She had passed over the river, leaving behind the partner of her joys and sorrows. Time had drifted on, till old age found him in the humble home of a widowed daughter, where filial love ministered to his needs. Often, when domestic cares pressed heavily or trouble came, impatient words would come bubbling from the overcharged heart of my mother, as she bemoaned the roughness of the path poverty had hedged for her, leaving her unable to make more comfortable the old age of her father.

Then it was these simple words were repeated which my childish memory retained.

I do not know their author; but they have been with me through all the years since, often coming unbidden to my lips after not having been thought of for years. They always bring comfort; for it is when most sorely tried they are most sure to come.

I inherited the impetuous temper of my mother, but the only bequest I claim from my aged beloved grandfather are these words, which are as a talisman to ward off the evils of impatience under many and trying afflictions that have arisen like thorns in the pathway of my life.

But some time the weary days will end; some time we will lay aside earthly cares, aches, and pains, and in the bright Beyond hope to meet again the tender, loving guide of my youth, and with him sit at the feet of One whom he served while on earth. Then earth will be but as a shadow that passes away with the breath of the morning.

RUTH RIVERS.

Health Department.

HEADACHES.

THE Doctor sat in his office leaning back in his chair, scanning the daily paper, when a gentle footfall aroused him, and looking up, a lady, Mrs. Belle Harrington, stood before him.

She was in a great hurry. "O Doctor!" she began, "I have such a dreadful headache this morning! A few of us ladies are going down to attend Commencement, and I nearly always get the headache at such times. I have had to fix a good deal and was afraid of missing the train, and—O my head, my head!"

The Doctor began to ask a few questions, when she stopped him with:

"Dear me, I have no time to answer all these things! Just give me something and let me go—anything to relieve me of the swelling pain that seems to come and go like the surging of waves."

The Doctor looked at her. "If I only knew—" began the puzzled physician, drawing his brows and smoothing his beard and looking down at the figures in the carpet. Just then the toot of the engine round the curve made the poor woman spring to her feet, and, disappointed and half angry, she said:

"O dear! that's always the way! I do wish you had done something. Now I must suffer all day in consequence."

And she hurried out, the shimmer of her beautiful silk brocade gleaming in the morning sunshine.

We paused on his steps just then, on our way home from the office, to look at the train—a train of cars, with the proud, glittering locomotive; the sooty engineer and firemen in their grimy denim suits; the ponderous wheels and accurate machinery; the tired passengers, the fussy women; the babies sucking candy and thrusting their heads out at every stop, have during all these years been "ever charming, ever new," to us.

But the Doctor! He was almost angry.

"Sit down a minute, old friend, and rest, and let me make of you a mother confessor. Here, take this office chair; it is a good deal better chair than the one you used to sit in at the old Elm Grove school-house when you heard my lessons in b-a, ba, and d-a, da. Seems really that you don't change much, considering that more than thirty years span that time and this."

And he looked sharply at the silver tint showing in the once brown hair.

"I'm mad," he began, "just downright angry with that woman Harrington! Just to think that she would run in here as she would run to the grocery for a half-dollar's worth of sugar and expect to have her wishes complied with as promptly as at the grocery. As well carry her costly gold watch to the watchmaker's to have him tell why it stopped without looking into it at all. Why cannot people use a little common sense? There is no more delicate piece of machinery than our bodies, and men tamper with them as they would with furniture. They even treat them worse—yes, worse—than they use their furniture in their parlors!"

And here the Doctor, amused with the figure he had used, began to laugh heartily.

Now we, all through our life, had been troubled with headaches, but as we grew older we learned how to manage them. What the Doctor said is good for everybody, especially every woman, to know; what we said was nothing new, but for the good of others we hurried home and put on paper his hints and helps and suggestions and remedies—not in very systematic order, but some one may find something helpful and remedial.

There are a great many kinds of headaches. There are various causes for them. Perhaps the most common kinds are the sick headache and a headache which comes from an unequal circulation of the blood. The first comes from an overburdened system, which is obliged to call a halt and relieve itself. There is generally a tendency to vomit and a pain in some part of the head, frequently the left side. The pain is sometimes almost unendurable. This is caused by there being too much bile in the system; the bile has been manufactured too rapidly or has not been worked out of the system fast enough by active exercise. Women who are subject to spells of the sick headache are those who are confined in-doors too much; their lives are monotonous and they eat too heartily of food too solid and perhaps not digestible; or perhaps they eat between meals, taking a bite off the piece they spread for the children, or they take a handful of nuts or an apple or a drink of cold coffee.

We have seen good, sensible women who could not pass the cupboard or pantry without tasting "just one crumb." Sometimes the last meal of the day is too hearty or eaten just before going to bed. Sometimes they eat too much of a favorite dish or eat two meals too closely together, or eat when there is a great mental strain. The influence of the mind upon digestion is wonderful. Any violent emotion, like anger, fear, grief, immediately before or after eating, will put a stop to the process of digestion, and if one is liable to attacks of headache it will be quite certain to induce it. Great mental emotion or great fatigue or severe application to study are also causes of headache.

Persons who have sick headache, as a rule, eat too much and exercise too little. They have cold feet and they are constipated. Too often they are people who are low-spirited, morbid, subject to the "blues," sensitive; the kind who "take a good cry;" persons who take offense easily; whose love of approbation is large; who know nothing of that ease and comfort that goes with "a quiet heart." They are apt to indulge in moods—to be away up in the clouds, delighted, exalted, animated, or away down in the mire, despondent, sorrowing, and gloomy. Very often the true cause is that after they had eaten enough they were tempted and indulged in a piece of good, rich cake, a dish of ice-cream, or a thick slice of wonderful pudding. It was just that much more than they needed or should have taken at all.

Then there is a headache that comes from tight boots and shoes, tight lacing, or a garment that binds and annoys some part of the body. If from

any of these causes, our verdict would be "Serves 'em right."

The headache common among young persons comes from derangement of the digestion, and the subjects of it are often addicted either to sedentary occupations or to balls, theatres, evening concerts, and other dissipations, extending far into the hours of the night. The cure is so evident that it need not be insisted upon.

The headache in older persons is often caused by a flow of blood to the head, called vertigo, and is threatened apoplexy. Restricted diet, with moderate exercise, will usually bring about a cure unless there is positive organic disease.

The periodic headache or megrim (meaning half the head) is closely connected with malaria, and recurs at more or less regular intervals, affecting exactly half the head up to the middle line. This kind is very acute, and is commonly under the control of the family physician. Other periodical headaches which women dread and shrink from can be lessened, shorn of their terror by a little wise management.

A few days previous let the diet be observed strictly, take care not to overwork or be troubled with hard thinking; avoid all kinds of food that are slow of digestion; keep the feet warm; exercise out-of-doors as much as possible, and have the rooms, especially one's sleeping-room, thoroughly ventilated.

A nervous headache, brought on by overwork, grief, loss of sleep, and like causes, is relieved by quietude, gentle rubbing of pitying hands or the friction brush, and by applying a cloth dipped in hot water and quickly wrung out on the back of the neck. The feet above the ankles should be in moderately hot water at the same time. The pain is greatly lessened by these simultaneous applications.

Ministers are apt to suffer very much from the tired or nervous headache. Up above the congregation the poor men get all the heat and bad air which rises, though they may escape the carbonic acid gas which settles in the pews. After the day's work how apt they are to drop into sleep and sleep it off. Better to have taken a brisk walk and time enough to get pure air into the circulation.

The nerve-power varies, like the pressure of steam, so many pounds to the square inch, though it cannot be regulated the same way. Our supply

is weak in the morning; we cannot do much hard work before breakfast.

We remember hearing of one minister who distinguished himself by long hours of work in the early morning, and he distinguished by losing his sight.

The wear and tear went to the weakest part. We grow stronger toward noon; we go up with the sun; after two o'clock we begin to wane. Work done late at night is a greater tax upon the life than that done at noon. It is not right to turn night into day. It does not answer the purpose. There is a wonderful power in the light—a wonderful virtue in the sun's rays.

Brain-work is more exhaustive and uses up the nerve-power faster than any sort of manual labor. And the worst of it is that the brain is not apt to complain of nervous exhaustion. Busy brain-workers need recreation and rest, and they are wise if they remember it and do not defer it too long. Even to lay down the pen and run out into the yard awhile breaks the strain and the pressure yields. Such workers, when sleepy, should lie down, if only for five minutes, and sleep the restful little nap that seems an hour long. Relaxation of only a few moments may save one from apoplexy, paralysis, insanity, or any of the forms of disease that threaten the nervous system.

If one lies down he should throw something over the shoulders, if it be only the newspaper within reach, remembering that when he lies down he is in an atmosphere of a cooler temperature than when he was sitting up.

And there is refreshment in lying down and relaxing every muscle, even if one does not sleep. Let tired housewives, overworked mothers, teachers, the working man, and man of business, remember this.

Stimulants are a great mistake. They are the whip and the spur to the jaded horse. They make the nerves start up suddenly and in anger, only to run a little while.

Habitual exercise may be regarded as the great specific for all kinds of aches, ailments, loss of nervous energy, and exhaustion.

We were created wisely. God never errs. Life may be made to brim over with enjoyment. Soul and body may join in harmony in singing: "Therefore will I praise Thee, for I am fearfully and wonderfully made."

PIPSEY POTTS.

Housekeepers' Department.

HOW TO GET BREAKFAST.

TO BUSY HOUSEWIVES.

THERE is an old saying among housekeepers that if the morning's work is poorly begun the day's work is spoiled. Now every good housekeeper knows well the advantage of having the breakfast work promptly and smoothly done, so they can well appreciate the truth in the old adage.

During the first years of my housekeeping this early hour was the one I dreaded most. There

was so much work—and work so urgent in its nature—demanding attention at that time that often breakfast would be late and the work be performed amid disorder and confusion. But after years of experience in house-work and much systematizing and planning in order that the work may be made easy, my breakfast-getting has lost its terror, and, for the benefit of other busy housewives, I will give my plan of managing at this time.

When the dishes from supper are washed and the night-work completed, the table is set in perfect readiness for breakfast. There is sugar, salt, napkins, spoons, butter in the butter-dish, chairs

placed to the table—in fact, everything about the table is complete, excepting the food. To protect the table from dust it is then covered with an old tablecloth that is too thin for further use as a cloth, but which answers nicely for this purpose.

The fire in the kitchen stove is always laid over-night with some of the kindling-paper projecting from the grate, by which it is lighted.

If potatoes and meat are to be had for breakfast, the potatoes are washed at night and placed in a pan near the stove. The kettle in which they are to be cooked is placed over the fire, so that the water can heat as soon as the fire is lighted.

The meat—whether steak, ham, or any other kind—is prepared, ready for cooking, and laid on a dish. The broiler or frying-pan, whichever may be used, is placed on the stove. The coffee-pot, clean and dry, with a can of coffee and spoon for measuring, is on a shelf near the stove.

We do not make a practice of having hot bread for breakfast; but whenever it is necessary, the flour is sifted at night, and it, with the other ingredients, is placed by the bread-board so there will be no delay in mixing the dough. The same preparation is made when johnny-cake, griddle-cakes, and gems are made. When cold potatoes are to be warmed I always pare and slice them overnight, and if milk-toast is to be had, the bread is browned while supper is being prepared the night before. Whatever is to be had for breakfast, this same overnight preparation is always made, and I can hardly express in words the aid that it is to the day's work.

On first arising I put on slippers, throw a shawl around my shoulders, and go into the kitchen and light the fire. I return to my bedroom, and by the time I dress and again go into the kitchen my fire is all in a glow. Coffee is then made and breakfast set to cooking. I then arouse the other members of the household, and by the time they are ready for breakfast it is ready for them.

This is an excellent plan where men must be at their work early in the morning. There is nothing that tries a man's patience more than to know that he must be at his work at a certain hour and have his meals delayed until almost the last minute before leaving. No one can partake of a meal properly in so limited a time. It is not eaten, but simply crammed, and the pleasure of the meal is much destroyed, while the health of a person invariably suffers by eating in such haste.

It is just such things that often causes the most serious discord between husband and wife. A young mechanic who occupied a responsible position and who was compelled to be promptly at his work, once said in our presence: "My wife is kind and loving and we are perfectly companionable and congenial in our feelings, and still there is a great deal of discord between us—just because I can never have my meals on time. There is so much delay in getting the meals that I am hurried when I eat, hurried when I go to my work, and my patience is often tried beyond all endurance."

I would advise busy housewives to give this plan a trial. It does away with all the haste and hurry that usually attends the early morning work. Breakfast can be so quickly prepared that the husbands and sons can have a peaceful, enjoyable meal before starting to their day's labors and the housekeeper saves both time and strength—to be devoted

to the other duties of the day—thus making the house-work easier and preventing disorder and confusion in the home.

NELLIE BURNS.

RECIPES.

POTATO BALLS.—Take three cups of mashed potatoes, one-half cup of flour, and a half teacup of milk, two well-beaten eggs, a little salt; mix well together, shape them small, and drop into hot lard, or roll them into little balls and fry them in a wire basket in boiling lard.

QUICKLY MADE MAYONNAISE SAUCE.—Carefully strain the yolks of four eggs into a basin. Place them in a cool place, or, if necessary, in water or on ice; then proceed to pour in—a few drops at a time—some very good salad oil, without ceasing to stir the mixture. When one tablespoonful of oil is well incorporated with the yolks of the eggs, put in in the same manner one teaspoonful of French white vinegar. Keep on adding oil and vinegar in these proportions until the sauce is of the consistency of very thick cream. Add salt and white pepper to taste; mix well, and the sauce is made. This sauce is suitable to pour over a mayonnaise of cold fowl, cold veal, or salmon mixed with salad.

TO COOK RICE.—Only just enough cold water should be poured on to prevent the rice from burning at the bottom of the pot, which should have a close-fitting cover, and with a moderate fire the rice is steamed rather than boiled until nearly done; then the cover is taken off, the surplus steam and moisture allowed to escape, and the rice turns out a mass of snow-white kernels, each separate from the other, and as much superior to the usual soggy mass as a fine mealy potato is superior to the water-soaked article.

SOFT-BOILED EGGS.—A good way to cook eggs is to put them into a pot of cold water and bring it just to a boil; then lift out the eggs. By this method the whites do not harden; they are simply coagulated into a jelly-like consistency. It is a better way than to put the eggs into boiling water and let them stand till cold; for if on trying one you find it too soft, you can leave the rest in the hot water a few minutes longer.

FRUMENTY.—This harvest dish, sometimes called "furmity," is made by taking the whole wheat, newly cut and rubbed or threshed out, and boiling it in water till soft. The recipe, which is an "Old Country" one, taken from a British journal on dietetics, is as follows: "To cook it (the wheat), put it on in cold water, let it come to a boil, and then stew gently till every grain bursts open like a little mealy potato." It will require several hours' steaming or boiling, and the wheat should be as new and tender as possible. The best plan is to start it in plenty of cold water—say one part wheat and four or five parts water—and cook in a farina-kettle. This saves the trouble of stirring and prevents sticking. When done, you can stir in a little cream or milk, if you like, and simmer five minutes. Some add sugar and a beaten egg along with the milk, though that is a departure from the original method. This dish is said by those who have eaten it to be delicious.

Young Ladies' Department.

A LADY.

DEAR GIRLS:—A persistent drizzle and fear to go through the tough-looking veil of fog, lest the unpleasant symptoms felt all day should result in what the old lady called "petrified sore throat," have shut me in for the evening alone. I threw up the sash and peered out for a last look ere deciding whether to go or stay, and that last look soon turned the balance in favor of the latter. As a consequence, I am left for the evening. "What shall I do?" is the next query, to which comes a response, as heart and mind turn to you. So here again are the lap-tablet and pencil used on that beautiful morning on which I last wrote you, when the sun was flooding the world with light and filling the earth with good, and when he flung in through the windows bundles of glistening, dancing beams, like tangled threads of shining gold.

What a contrast without! Now it is evening, and not even a star is visible, as the persistent drizzle sifts its way down through the dense fog. Within, however, the surroundings are bright and cheerful, the gas-jets doing their best at effect with light and shadow, while the same little clock ticks away its cheery note on the mantel. Strange, that again my ear should catch the flow of melody!—not, this time, from instruments, but from a "musical club" practicing in their upper parlor "across the way." The strain, however, is not always one of harmony, as they repeat over and over again in their effort after accuracy. For this reason we will not give them our undivided attention, lest it might be embarrassing to them. It is a point of principle with me, which, no doubt, grew out of early impressions made by a lovely mother's counsels, never to seem to notice a thing if, by doing so, I might cause embarrassment.

And this suggests that, perhaps, we are not nearly so careful, any of us, as we should be, to cultivate that refined sensibility which, with delicate touch, like intuitive perception, feels the state of mind and heart in those with whom we are thrown, and without which we cannot avoid, many times, jarring against, trampling upon, or perhaps even crushing the better and more refined feelings of sensitive natures.

And yet this culture is indispensable to the true lady. I use the term, not as technically applied to indicate the wife of a lord, but in that broader sense in which it has come to be the synonym for what is lovely and pure and good. In this sense it is a word more comprehensive in its reach and more minute in its detail than is generally supposed, and is not applicable to the mere accident of position or possession in regard to outward things or literary acquirements. One might be a queen, so far as position goes, and yet be coarse; and a coarse person cannot be a lady. One could have millions at command and live in luxury, and yet be in no essential characteristic a lady. One may have gone deep into literary lore and may even, in so doing, have acquired a certain polish and elegance of exterior, and yet be in no true sense a lady. In fact, there is a painful incongruity apparent in either of these cases if the

essential characteristics of the true lady are wanting.

Suppose we talk a little while about what some of these characteristics are. Now, if we could draw up to an open fire and give the blazing sticks a punch and hear the crackle and see the sparks fly above the leaping flame up the throat of the chimney, it might act as a stimulant to make our thoughts vivid and distinct.

The refined sensibility of which I spoke, and which enables us to discern and avoid that which would wound or pain, is not a thing of exterior circumstance or external culture. It cannot be put on as an outside covering, though there is a mere mannerism which, with those who are unable to discern beneath the surface, largely passes current for that refinement of heart and of perception which is indispensable to the true lady. That refinement which manifests itself not only in the voice, but in the daily detail of the life of every true lady, is born of a delicacy of perception which has its rise in a purified, affectional nature. When to this is added the refinement of intellectual culture the combination is charming indeed.

Intellectual culture cannot possess true refinement, however, apart from refinement of feeling. Some of the rudest people I have ever seen were quite gifted so far as intellectual endowment and acquirement were concerned. But they hesitated not to trample upon your sensibilities, to obtrude into the domain of your most sacred privacy with prying questions, or to swoop down upon you in the introduction of the subject in regard to which you would most prefer to remain reticent. Perhaps they may even enjoy a feelingless jest at your expense, if they observe you wince as they hold you on the point of their probe, reminding one of the cruel boy who holds a fly on the point of a pin and laughs at the torture he inflicts. It is humiliating, as well as astonishing, that such jests should ever pass for wit, yet many times they do.

No matter how elaborate the manners of such a one, nor how conventionally accurate, nor how externally polished in society, in no true sense is she a lady. In fact, there is a sweet simplicity in all the true lady does—a free, natural grace which springs from self-forgetfulness—a native dignity, the legitimate outgrowth of purity of heart and purpose, which forbid elaboration of exterior. The latter is the expression of a vulgar taste or a morbid self-consciousness, and self-consciousness is adverse to beauty of life. It makes one constrained and awkward, or elaborate with a studied grace which precludes gracefulness, while it fosters selfishness, which ever seeks its own.

The prime requisite, then, for a lady is refinement of feeling. One who has this paramount requisite carries with her, though dwelling in what are called the humbler walks of life, a something that at once commands your respect and admiration. Just here there comes to my mind a colored washerwoman who walks this earth with a native grace which might adorn a queen. In the years that I have known her never have I seen or heard her say or do a rude or selfish thing. And as I

think of her, my thought takes in one whose social position is in every way the antipodes of hers—a position of influence, for which, by nature, by culture, and by grace, she is fitted, and which she, as a true lady in heart and culture, fills with a bearing as simple as it is dignified. I never had the two linked in my thought before, and yet, though one is black, the other white—though one is in the humbler and the other in the higher walks of life—there is a subtle something common to both and which stamps each in her sphere as possessing the essential characteristic of a lady. Possessing this, neither ever forgets to be a lady, a calamity that often befalls her whose highest claims to the true gentlewoman are exterior considerations, so that, anon, she is unfortunate in revealing the cloven foot through harshness of tone or rudeness of manner when the constraints of conventional life are not upon her.

You see, the true lady possesses within herself the essentials which make her such, so that no mere accident of outward circumstance can rob her of her claim to the title. Possessing these essentials, she is at all times considerate, so that the lady is just as manifest in her private sphere of life as in the more public circle of society or acquaintance. There is a freedom of intercourse, fully warranted by the close and near relations which we sustain to our loved home circle or few chosen friends; but it is altogether a mistaken idea that this freedom cannot co-exist with the highest type of courtesy, which ever pays tender regard and deference to the inherent rights and delicate sensibilities of those between whose lives and our own there must, without this, be more or less unpleasant friction. In fact, refinement of feeling and

perception, the first essential of the true lady, has a much broader field in which to manifest itself in the narrow circle of home than in the wider sphere of society, where there is so comparatively little to cause friction. And she who is not a lady in her deportment to father, mother, daughter, son, sister, or brother, cannot be such when she enters the larger arena of society, no matter what suavity of manner or polish of exterior she may bring to bear with which to charm and delight those about her, and if she will but look honestly into her own heart she may become helpfully conscious of the one thing lacking to aid her in becoming a true lady.

Nor is the inner refinement spoken of at all inconsistent with decision of character. In fact, the one possessing it is the one best adapted, because of her clearness of perception, to be firm for the right and against the wrong, insisting upon the former in every case where, by virtue of her position in regard to it, she may in any measure be responsible for the wrong. Such a one rules her home with a gentle grace which, while it accords a tender deference to inherent rights and personal sensibilities, yet in the matter of right and wrong in all their relations insists upon the former. That is mistaken kindness which palliates evil.

And what a fragrance is exhaled from the life of her who is, in this deeper sense, a lady! She walks the earth a queen indeed, in her self-forgetfulness bringing order out of chaos, harmonizing discord, and disseminating good. And she who claims to be "first lady" by mere accident of position or surroundings at once proves her lack of the essential elements to constitute her even a lady.

LAURETTA.

Evenings with the Poets.

MAIDENHOOD.

WHAT happy star shone on her birth?
What grassy corner of the earth
Grew daisies for her baby feet
To dance between, since they repeat
On all the flowerless ways they pass
That breezy motion of the grass?

What brook bewitched her to its brink,
And drew her fresh lips down to drink
Its music, while it slipped unseen
In happy cadences between?
So sweet and glad the voice that slips
From ambush of her maiden lips.

What winds upon the hills gave room
To her, and buffeted to bloom
Her rounded cheeks, and made her hair
A flying sunshine in the air?
For still, like sunbeams on a rose,
Her wayward color comes and goes.

What graybeard tree upon the down
Caught, as she sped, her floating gown
And whispered through his ancient girth
The long-dumb sorrow of the earth?
For the sweet pity in her eyes
Almost their gladness overlees.

ANNIE B. ANNAN.

THE EVERGREENS.

WE watch far-lovelier lives than ours
The sun-fed fruits, the brilliant flowers,

The summer grain—an affluent sight!
The woodland blossoms, red and white—

And when the leaves are dim and old,
Autumn's rare recompense of gold!

All growths that gladden field and wood,
By us are rightly understood;

For are they not our kindred, though
They perish in the frost and snow?

We watch their fleeting joys and fears—
We who outlive the lapse of years,

To front old winter's frowning gloom
With potent prophecies of bloom!

We are the vassals of the spring,
Whose sacred promises we bring

To make earth's bosom less forlorn
Through faith in foliage yet unborn.

WM. H. HAYNE, in *Mankattan*.

SLUMBER SONG.

I FAR away on drowsy pools reposing,
Folded lilies touch the water's edge;
There, with hush and shadow, night is closing;
Brown birds nestle low within the sedge.
Here the sea-waves moan and sob,
Snowflakes whirl, and wind-gusts throb.
But my babe lies closely to me pressed;
Sleep, my baby; ah, my baby, rest;
Sweet, my baby, rest.

Far away, in inland forests dusky,
Nuts fall stillly on the mossy sod;
Ripened berries breathe out fragrance musky;
Dreaming squirrels idly wink and nod.
Here the crested breakers dash,
Sea-birds scream, and storm-winds clash,
But my babe lies warm upon my breast;
Sleep, my baby; ah, my baby, rest;
Sweet, my baby, rest.

NATALIE SIEBOTH.

WHERE IS GOD?

O H! where is the sea?" the fishes cried,
As they swam the crystal clearness through,
"We've heard from of old of the ocean's tide,
And we long to look on the waters blue.
The wise ones speak of the infinite sea—
Oh! who can tell us if such there be?"

The lark flew up in the morning bright,
And sung and balanced on sunny wings;
And this was its song: "I see the light,
I look o'er a world of beautiful things;
But, flying and singing everywhere,
In vain I have searched to find the air."
MINOT J. SAVAGE.

OMENS.

AS, ere the storm, a silence fills the world,
No blade is stirred, no banner is unfurled
In conscious field or wood;
So, all the morning, hushed and tranced with fear,
I seemed to see a messenger draw near
Whose errand was not good.
I turned, and lo! within the open door
The one I deemed beset with perils sore
Close by me, smiling, stood.

I know not why (I said that summer night)
The heart in me should be so wondrous light,
So sweet each moment's breath.
Assurance kind greets me from every star;
The all-gathering breeze that hastens from afar—
How glad a thing it saith!
That was the night my friend beyond the seas,
Within a tent beneath the olive trees,
Turned his blue eyes on death.

EDITH M. THOMAS, in *Atlantic Monthly*.

Pleasant Varieties.



FASHIONABLE EMULATION.

LADY (*speaking with difficulty*)—"What have you made it round the waist, Mrs. Price?"

DRESSMAKER—"Twenty-one inches, ma'am. You couldn't breathe with less!"

LADY—"What's Lady Jemima Jones's waist?"

DRESSMAKER—"Nineteen-and-a-half just now, ma'am. But her Ladyship's a head shorter than you are, and she's got ever so much thinner since her illness last autumn!"

LADY—"Then make it *nineteen*, Mrs. Price, and *I'll* engage to get into it!"

QUESTION for a debating-society out West—"If the Mormon who has eight wives buries one of them, how much of a widower does he become, if any?"

A LADY of a certain age says that the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is that, not having a husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous animal.

A GERMAN physician defines the main difference between the effects of whisky and beer to be: "Whisky makes you kill somebody else; mit beer you only kills yourself."

THE biggest bore on earth is the man who has just had a tooth drawn. He wants to tell the whole story, from the time the tooth first began to ache to the heroic manner in which he allowed it to be abstracted.

THE END OF HIS TROUBLES.—A Quaker told a young man just married: "Friend, thou art now at the end of all thy troubles." The bride turned out to be a vixen, and in a week the young man came back with the upbraiding remark, "I thought you told me I was at the end of my troubles?" "So I did, friend, but I did not say which end."

WHO SIGNED MAGNA CHARTA?—At a school examination in Scotland one of the questions asked was, "Who signed Magna Charta?" No reply being given, the question was repeated. Still there was no answer, when the examiner sternly demanded for the third time, "Who signed Magna Charta?" Upon this a little girl meekly called out, "Please, sir, it wasna' me."

A TEXAS paper tells this cheerful tale of the experimental school of medicine. A woman came to a prominent physician and asked for a remedy for her husband's rheumatism. The doctor gave her a prescription and said, "Get that prepared at the drug store and rub it well over your husband's back. If it does any good, come and let me know; I've got a touch of rheumatism myself."

"In our country," said the Englishman, as he leaned back in his chair, "before we marry, we arrange to settle a certain sum upon the wife." "Yes, I know," replied the American; "but with us it is after they are married that a certain class settle everything on

the wife and arrange to beat their creditors." "Ha, I see! And how do the creditors take it?" "They never find anything to take."

MANY anecdotes have been circulated about amateur preachers; the latest that we have seen is from the *Freeman*: "A preacher, one of those called 'An Occasional Supply,' in Tennessee, is known as the 'satisfying preacher.' Whenever a church began to get a little tired of their pastor, this man was sent for, and after hearing a sermon or two from him they were 'satisfied'—to keep the pastor they had."

A CURIOUS CATALOGUE.—The following curious catalogue of Dickens's works is worthy of preservation: "Oliver Twist," who had some very "Hard Times" in the "Battle of Life," and has been saved from "The Wreck of the Golden Mary" by "Our Mutual Friend," "Nicholas Nickleby" had just finished reading "A Tale of Two Cities" to "Martin Chuzzlewit," during which time "The Cricket on the Hearth" had been chirping merrily, while "The Chimes" from the adjacent churches were heard, when "Seven Poor Travelers" commenced singing "A Christmas Carol." "Barnaby Rudge" then arrived from "The Old Curiosity Shop" with some "Pictures from Italy" and "Sketches by Box" to show "Little Dorritt," who was busy with "Pickwick Papers," when "David Copperfield," who had been taking "American Notes," entered and informed the company that the "Great Expectations" of "Dombey and Son" regarding "Mrs. Lirriper's Legacy" had not been realized, and that he had seen "Boots at the Holly-Tree Inn" taking "Somebody's Luggage" to "Mrs. Lirriper's Lodgings" in a street that has "No Thoroughfare" opposite "Black House," where "The Haunted Man," who had just given one of "Dr. Marigold's" prescriptions to an "Uncommercial Traveler," was brooding over "The Mystery of Edwin Drood."

Art at Home.

MISCELLANEOUS WORK.

Mantel lambrequins are now knitted like lace, in the old-fashioned oak-leaf pattern, by way of variety, instead of the more familiar crochet and macramé patterns. The materials used are seize twine and stout cedar knitting-needles.

Curtains of darned net now generally have the pattern worked in with plain white darning cotton, instead of, as recently, linen floss. It looks just as well, costs less, and is said to wear better.

A new idea in crazy quilts is to apply to the separate pieces silhouettes of animals, cut out of velvet. Black is the color mostly used, but since the elephant "orange" velvet imitating the natural hue of the animal has been employed. Thus the "white elephant" may decorate one corner of an article and be cut out of white or cream velvet, the fancy stitches to imitate the ears, eyes, and markings, being of pink or flesh-tinted floss. "Jumbo," in gray velvet, may ornament the opposite corner, while brown lions, striped tigers, and spotted leopards may sport about in any manner except a strictly zoological one.

Scraps of lace may be utilized in crazy quilts. Lay the scrap flat down upon a piece of silk or satin, baste it securely, and then artistically fasten the lace to the foundation by outlining the pattern in sewing-silk or floss. If the lace is white, the flowers may be worked in pink or blue; if black, in red or yellow, if such a course will improve the appearance of the lace.

Old patterns, and modifications of old ones, are continually coming to the front in silk quilts, so that when the crazy quilt has had its day there will be plenty of styles to supplant it. A variation of the log cabin is very pretty. In this the central square is of dark velvet; the strips upon two adjoining sides are composed of but two alternating colors, while all the strips upon the two opposite sides are black. When the blocks are joined the black strips are placed together, so that two adjoining blocks will contain one black square and the whole quilt will contain a regular number of crossing, diagonal black stripes, with a square of color in the centre. This sounds difficult, but it is in reality very simple. The Roman sash pattern is described by its name. This consists simply in sewing together straight strips of color, about one inch in width and six inches in length, to imitate the familiar Roman scarfs and ribbons so often fashionable.

PAINTING ON PEBBLES.

THE summer visit to the seaside, says the *Decorator and Furnisher*, may be turned by amateurs to good account in providing themselves with material on which to spend after effort for decorative purposes, in the pebbles scattered on the beach and ordinarily taken up only to be thrown away, unless some peculiarly beautiful ones attracted attention. In any leading resort a lapidary is to be met with who will cut the pebbles at the front of their broadest

diameter, polishing the face. This then is the surface to the painting of which we invite the attention of amateurs. The forms to be preferred are oval. Any small apertures may be filled with a mixture of parchment size and whiting. The surface, leaving a band of stone as a margin for the painting, may be coated with Chinese white if water colors are to be used, or flake white if painting is to be in oil colors. The lines may be traced with a lead pencil. For water colors the illuminating colors are the best. The work does not require much shading and stippling. When the work is dry, apply a coat of mastic varnish, and rub it down with a silk handkerchief or the palm of the hand; then apply a second coat, rubbing it over with mutton fat, to be afterward removed. In painting the pebbles they may be half imbedded in a box of sand.

HOME ADORNMENT.

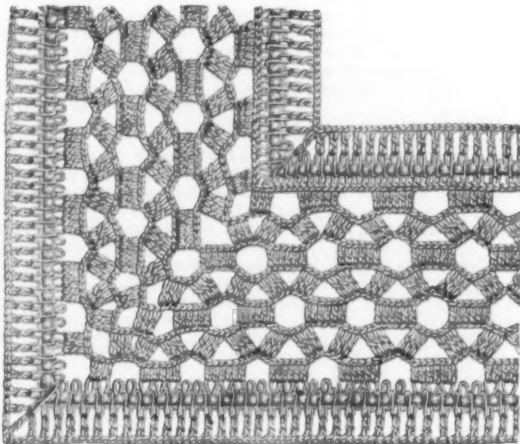
WITH the abundance of material now to be had at reasonable prices, we can soon make a selection and contrive many very pretty and useful articles to place in our homes. And it is wonderful how these seeming nothings brighten up the plainest surroundings, if there is any taste displayed. Many make the mistake of overloading their rooms with fancy articles, and in this way inharmonious things get together that spoil the whole effect. A few selected with good taste will give much better satisfaction. If your rooms are used a good deal, have your adorning of materials that will bear usage, and leave delicate things for those who can replace them oftener. Hair-cloth and cane furniture are not very fashionable now, but if you are to have them about you a good many years without replacing them with new, they will look better at the end of ten years' wear than the cheap upholstered colored furniture, of which there is so much sold now, and, with the addition of some fancy

coverings, can be made to look very pretty. Ties made of strips of cretonne and strips of bright flannel, cashmere, or cloth alternated, and worked with silk where they are joined, and fringe at the lower end, make a very durable covering for a chair back; this can be lined with muslin and a sheet of wadding put between, then tacked to the back of the chair and thrown over on the front and it will remain in place. To use up the very smallest scraps of cashmere and silk a soft pillow can be made in this way: For the foundation knitting use black Germantown wool; set up forty stitches on coarse needles, knit the first row across in plain garter knitting; in the next row after knitting the first stitch place a small strip of cashmere or silk between the stitches and knit again; do this along the whole row; knit the next row plain, and the following one the same as the second. The silk will be all like tufts on one side. When it is finished it can be sheared a little closer and made to look like plush. The centre can be made of all dark and strips of mingled lightish shades made for a border around the square.

CHAIR PILLOWS.

A NEW innovation is the chair pillow. The pillow is made of Turkish toweling, twenty-four inches long and fifteen wide. Work two fancy stripes four inches wide and fifteen long either of cloth or flannel; cut cretonne flowers, baste them on the strip, and embroider over the flowers with silk of the same colors. Chain-stitch the bands on the pillow, laying a plait in the centre so that the middle of the pillow will rest midway down the back of the chair and the two ends higher on either side; gather the ends and crochet an edging on with worsted and floss of the predominating colors in the strips; finish with cord and tassels, the cord to suspend it from the back of the chair. The pillow should be filled with curled hair.

Fancy Needlework.



Insertion, with corners for Trimming Bed-linen. Crochet Insertion. (Abbreviations: DC. for Double Crochet, Ch. for Chain.) The crochet is worked on a narrow woven braid and begins at the outer edge of

the insertion, 2 rows coming alternately of 6 DC. and 6 Ch. constantly repeated; yet in the 1st row (see illustration) the 6 DC. are to be crocheted one after the other, while in the following row they are interrupted

in the middle by 6 Ch., which always serve again as a basis to the 6 DC. of the next row. The slight deviations necessary to form the corners are easily followed on illustration. When the crochet is finished the woven braid is sewn on at the inner edge, and here as well as at the outer one to be finished with an open row of DC.



INITIAL LETTER FOR BED-ROOM TOWEL, SATIN STITCH.

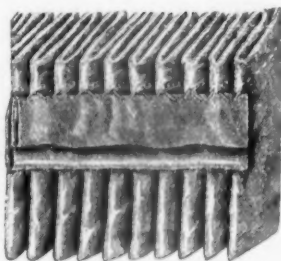


Fig. 1.



Fig. 2.

FAN KILTING.

Fashion Department.

FASHION NOTES.

Alpacas have been, after years of oblivion, fully restored to favor. The favorite shades at present are gray, steel-blue, and tan. They are much liked for street toilettes for early summer and for traveling, as their smooth surface repels the dust and preserves a clean, neat appearance. The fashionable trimming for alpacas is velvet, plain or striped, or satin merveilleux.

An alpaca costume, easily copied, is of pale blue alpaca trimmed with pale blue satin merveilleux. The front and side breadths of the skirt are plain, with long panels of puffed satin set on—one down the front and one on each side, from belt to hem, each panel but a few inches in width. The middle panel is drawn together at the knee with a large blue satin bow, and from this point spreads out, fan-like, to the hem. The back of the skirt is one succession of draperies throughout its entire extent. The basque is nearly plain, and long, fitting neatly in the back over a large tournure. A vest of the blue satin, puffed, is set in the front, the puffing beginning at the throat and spreading gradually out until it falls in one loose, bag-like puff below the waist. Sleeves puffed high upon the shoulders. Collars and cuffs of blue velvet. The basque is further ornamented by blue silk circles or passanterie ornaments, arranged down the front of the basque in rows, upon each side of the vest, and upon the sleeves above the cuffs.

Another alpaca costume is of a light-gray shade trimmed with black and white striped velvet. The basque is long and pointed, with short paniers attached

to the front, the paniers bordered with horizontal bands of the velvet, taking the place of the overskirt. The skirt is straight and round, bordered at the hem by two rows of narrow knife-plaitings, above which, run directly in the skirt, are six or more deep tucks. To the back of the basque is attached a sash of the striped velvet, in long loops and ends. With the basque is worn a shoulder-cape, bordered with a band of the striped velvet. The cape is made with sleeve-pieces, puffed high upon the shoulder, as are all the sleeves fashionable to-day.

Light woollen materials for costumes divide favor with alpacas. Dresses of these are often made of two fabrics and colors. In a model before us of a plaid and plain zephyr wool costume, the polonaise is of the plaid, the vest and skirt of the plain material. The polonaise represents a close-fitting basque, with short, pointed draperies attached; in front is a basque of the plain material laid in perpendicular plaits; a fan-like, plaited apron is placed at the bottom of the vest, and spreading out, partially fills the open space left by the diverging plaid draperies. The underskirt, of the plain material, is plaited throughout its extent.

Styles in Dressmaking.—Summer costumes are characterized by a marked absence of flounces. Overskirts are invariably finished by a plain hem, and underskirts, also, are generally just as simply edged. Draperies, either long or short, are exceedingly voluminous and looped over enormous bustles, but the draperies are apparently considered to be trimming enough of themselves. When they are ornamented at all it is by passanteries, embroidery, or borderings or panels of contrasting materials, but never by a

ruffle or a plaiting or other decoration of the same material. Knife-plaitings are now only permissible as the lower edging of an underskirt, and when knife-plaitings are used seldom is there any other ornamentation on the skirt. Deep flounces and the like are only seen when they are formed by the plaitings constituting a whole skirt, the edge of such plaitings naturally forming a flounce. Narrow, upright, puffed panels are seen on many skirts, sometimes forming the only trimming, and taking the place of overskirts and other draperies. Vests accompany costumes of all kinds and are generally of a different material, plaited or puffed, if the fabric will admit of it. Puffs are used in the most eccentric, novel manner possible, filling the fronts of basques and overskirts, sometimes literally forming immense bags, concealing or exaggerating the form, but not precisely beautifying it. Rows of velvet, plain or figured, are very much liked, especially upon skirts with no other trimmings. Velvet collar and cuffs, of the same shade as the costume, are added to dresses of all materials. Basques are very long and often deeply pointed in front. Sleeves are always puffed high upon the shoulder. Bows of satin ribbon, with innumerable loops, are added to any costume, as fancy dictates. The foregoing are the prevailing styles, but, of course, they do not quite crowd out some well-established, older fashions. Last year's elegant costumes are still admissible. Thus, a heavy black silk dress, with low-shouldered sleeves, deep flounces, and no trimming but its own material would be recognised as fashionable.

Tailor-made costumes are now imitated in alpaca, mohair, and plain woolen materials. They are made up in the severe tailor styles, the only trimming being rows of braid or machine-stitching.

Traveling-dresses are often made of cashmere, camel's hair, cheviot, or other woolen materials. For better traveling dresses, dark, neutral-tinted, low-priced silks are chosen. These have little trimming, except the now favorite velvet collar and cuffs.

Wraps.—When a heavier wrap for summer traveling is needed, the materials generally preferred are rough cloths, checked tweeds, Cheviots, and English cloaking materials. The style liked is either a long, loose Raglan, with square sleeves, a plain circular, or a half-fitting garment, with a broad box-plait down the back and front. The usual trimming is a broad bow, with long loops and ends at the neck or upon the back or heavy silk passementerie ornaments. The colors of these wraps may be écar, tan, or the light, indefinite shades of mixed cloth. An elegant model, especially suitable for a slender figure, is a shirred pelisse, fitted by means of the clusters of shirring at the neck and waist.

Millinery.—Little really new is seen. The small capote remains the one fashionable bonnet. The favorite trimming is velvet, of any shade of red. Half of our fair friends may be described as wearing a white straw capote, trimmed simply with red velvet ribbon, arranged in loops, and a red chenille ornament, velvet strings, and bows fastening the bonnet under the chin. For traveling, the favorite hat will be a plain, round one of rough straw, encircled by a band of velvet, with or without a small ostrich tip or a bunch of three or four tips.

Jerseys.—In spite of many sage predictions to the contrary, the Jersey holds its own. In fact, it is too well-established ever to go entirely out of fashion, being a positive blessing to women of small means or those with too little time or taste to cut and fit a dress-waist properly. Every month or so brings a new style in Jersey. We have had the perfectly plain Jersey; we have had Jerseys with added collars and cuffs, with inserted plaitings and panels, with loops and bows of bright-colored satin ribbons, with embroidery, with

braiding, and, later, with bead-ornaments woven in their meshes, and, still later, with borderings of the star-chenille trimming. Now we have another novelty in Jerseys—that is, a Jersey woven in beaded stripes, with a white silk vest added. Upon this vest is to be fastened a cascade of lace, and then the new Jersey becomes wearable.

The Jersey cuff is a small, close fitting cuff of white linen, to be worn with the Jersey or other tight-fitting sleeve. This marks a return to the discarded fashion of wearing linen cuffs.

Crepe lisse ruchings are added to all the sleeves and many of the necks of the new fashionable costumes.

Neckwear.—For the street, a plain, standing linen collar, fastened by a simple gold and silver pin, is worn by those who can safely adopt so severe a style. Cambric or linen chemisettes are often worn with a low-pointed neck, opening above revers, and a vest. Sometimes these chemisettes are of chintz or piqué.

Bows of mull and lace may be worn, if desired, but are less in favor than they were a year or two ago. Narrow ribbon, with a linen collar, tied in a bunch of loops and ends in front or at the side, is also worn. Scarfs of lace or tulle or dog-collars of black velvet, are liked by those who require fullness about the neck. The lace and muslin fichus and kerchiefs, so popular last year, are now little worn in the street. Ruching, of lace or crêpe lisse, is always a safe neckwear.

White Dresses.—The fashionable white dresses, for summer wear will be of two materials—one plain, as lawn, cambric, or mull; the other, embroidered, dotted, sprigged, barred, or striped. White dresses will be made up with full blouse bodices, with open necks and belted waists. The favorite trimming will be Valenciennes and Oriental laces.

Wash Dresses.—Checked percales and satteens imitate Scotch ginghams and Madras sephyras. New cotton prints show the India silk figures of last year. Ginghams, trimmed with rows of white braid, will be the favorite utility dresses for home, mountain, and seaside. The prevailing style for making up these wash-dresses will be with tucked skirts and full, gathered waists.

Evening Costumes.—Paris full-dress costumes are now made of flowered china crepe, silk gauze, and lace. An evening toilette may be made up either with a train or without.

Watering-place toilettes are of India and foulard silks.

Shoes.—Slippers, boots, and shoes of all kinds are pointed at the toe. Tailor-made costumes are now generally accompanied by boots having uppers made of the same cloth as the dress.

Flannel dresses will have the now familiar Norfolk jacket, plaited and belted, and the short, plain overskirt and plaited round skirt.

Novelties in Parasols.—Parasols are now generally made in the round, flat Japanese style. The silk is often puffed, with a puffed lining. Brocades and other heavy materials are made up over a square frame, so as not to cut too deeply in the figure. Parasol-handles are often covered with plush. Paris ladies summering at Nice now attach to the tops of their parasols a cluster of natural flowers to match their corsage-bouquets.

Shoulder-capes, for home wear, with silk, velvet, or satin dresses, are of white lace or embroidered muslin, and are gradually taking the place of fichus.

Fashionable Colors.—The newest colors are mushroom-brown, russet-brown, and prelate-purple. Half-mourning colors are black, white, and gray; purples, except lavender, now being banished from the list.

Notes and Comments.

Margaret B. Harvey.

THE readers of the HOME MAGAZINE have been for the last two or three years familiar with the name of Margaret B. Harvey, who has, during that period, furnished articles for its pages on a great variety of subjects, all showing careful thought and literary culture. A recent number of Forney's *Progress* contains a brief personal sketch of Miss Harvey, which we copy, knowing that it will be read with interest by all who have become familiar with the work of her pen. The reputation which she has already made has been well earned, and gives good promise of larger successes and more excellent results:

"Margaret B. Harvey comes of an aristocratic old Quaker family. They trace their pedigree to Fitz Hervé, a Norman knight who accompanied William the Conqueror into England. Margaret's first American ancestor was Edward Harvey, who was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and who, early in the present century, settled in Lower Merion, Montgomery County. He married Margaret Boyle, a lineal descendant of Boyle, the Great Earl of Cork. The Harvey homestead only recently passed out of the hands of the family. For some years just previous to his death Edward Harvey was a Justice of the Peace of Lower Merion. Of the seven children of Edward and Margaret Harvey, but one, the second son, James, had children.

"James B. Harvey, the father of Margaret, the subject of the present sketch, was educated at the Friends' School, Westtown, Pa. He studied law with his uncle, John Purdon, but never completed his legal studies, preferring to occupy himself in farming. He was noted in his younger days as a singer and elocutionist. His uncle, John Purdon, and Miss Margaret's great-uncle, was the famous Purdon, author of *Purdon's Digest*. He married a daughter of Charles Payne, of Roxborough, Phila., who before his death attained considerable distinction as an artist, lecturer, and magazine writer, and who was related to John Howard Payne and also to Thomas Paine, although he never openly acknowledged the latter relationship.

"The children of James B. Harvey and wife are ten in number, of whom the eldest is Margaret Boyle; the second daughter, Dora, also a promising young writer, is the wife of Willard D. Coxey, of the Philadelphia daily *Times*. Margaret B. Harvey was born June 8th, 1856. Her earliest recollections are of the old homestead in Lower Merion, where she drew her first literary inspiration. During a temporary residence in West Philadelphia she was admitted to the Girls' Normal School, graduating in 1873. She immediately began to teach, but with such poor success that she soon gave up in despair and continued her education with private teachers, subsequently attending one course of lectures at the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia.

"Margaret had long desired to embark upon a literary career, but hitherto had been prevented by the opposition of her relatives. Finally circumstances forced her to make a sudden plunge into journalism. The first dollar earned by her pen was received from Mrs. Juan Lewis, who then conducted that excellent but ephemeral publication, *Woman's Words*; the first five dollars from T. S. Arthur, then as now editor of ARTHUR'S HOME MAGAZINE. Mr. Arthur was the first who actually extended to Miss Harvey a helping hand; he was speedily followed by Dr. A. C. Lambdin, of the *Times*. While still a schoolgirl, Margaret had con-

tributed a few articles to *Godey's Lady's Book* and the *Saturday Evening Post*, but these efforts were for pleasure, not for bread.

"At the end of five years, during which she has contributed to all the principal dailies of Philadelphia and many of the leading magazines of the country, Miss Harvey finds herself well established and in the receipt of a good income. For the last three years she has resided at Ardmore, Pa., still clinging to the old neighborhood. In addition to her successes in journalism, she has attained considerable proficiency in illustrative art. She is also an amateur musician, elocutionist, painter, and botanist, and translates for publication from the French."

Poultry Raising.

THE following letter from a gentleman residing at Fort Scott, Kansas, gives the results of a year's experience in raising poultry. These results were certainly very satisfactory. As remunerative work for women residing in the country or in the neighborhood of towns and cities, this seems to offer exceptional advantages:

MR. EDITOR:—As many of my old friends are desirous of knowing what success I have had in the poultry business in Kansas, I give you my experience. Over a year ago I made two very crude hatchers, designed from some good points of several I had seen. I filled them with eggs, and they worked fairly well. I kept them going from December 1st to June 1st, clearing from them six hundred and fifty dollars over and above everything, and that, too, in spite of the high price of feed and the fact that my chickens were marketed at low prices. The highest I got was six dollars a dozen; the lowest, three dollars and seventy-five cents. During that time I attended to my regular business.

Believing this was a good return for the amount of work, I began to look around for a more perfect hatcher, and my attention was directed to the "Common Sense." In June I got directions from J. M. Bain, New Concord, O. He is secretary of the N. A. Poultry Association, and will send directions for making this hatcher to any one sending three two-cent stamps to prepay postage. I had one made that held two hundred and fifty eggs. It cost about seven dollars.

My success with this hatcher was all I could wish for. I immediately had four more made; from these five hatchers I have just taken one thousand and thirty fine chicks out of a little less than twelve hundred eggs. I believe I am placing it modestly when I say that I hope to clear by July twenty-five hundred dollars and still pursue my usual business.

There is no business so profitable as this, provided one gives it the attention it deserves; and no business requires as little capital to start on. There is no necessity of men trying to hide the business or monopolize it. The field is the world, and the world, like Oliver Twist, is crying out for more.

There are thousands of young men who are teachers, clerks, etc., who look forward to getting a start in some lucky way. This way is here open for them if they will only improve by it. Thousands of young women, too, who feel dependent on some father or brother, who in one year could place themselves above any dependence if they only would. Get directions and make your hatchers immediately; you can make them yourselves.

Respectfully yours,
L. L. J.

An Indian School.

THE education of Indian children is a subject which is engaging the public attention more than ever. The Indian School at Carlisle is known far and wide; but comparatively few of our readers are aware that there is an Indian school for girls in Philadelphia. This is in the Lincoln Institution, which was used until recently as a home for soldiers' orphans, under the personal supervision of Mrs. J. Belangee Cox. The soldiers' orphans, however, having grown up or been transferred to other institutions, Mrs. Cox, always actively benevolent, has now turned her attention to Indian girls. She has taken in charge eighty-four, representing sixteen different Indian tribes. These she proposes to educate for missionaries and teachers, to be sent among their own people when prepared. The girls range in ages from ten to twenty years. They are instructed in housework, sewing, English branches, music, and dancing. Most of them have been baptized as members of the Protestant Episcopal Church. On Sundays they attend services in the P. E. Church of the Ascension, Philadelphia.

During the summer the school is to be held in the old Spread Eagle Tavern, in Chester County. This is a country hotel, long disused, but it has been repaired for the accommodation of the Indian pupils and their teachers and placed at their disposal by the liberality of its present owner, Mr. George W. Childs. The place will become, to all intents and purposes, a country boarding-school from June 1st to October 1st.

The old hotel is large and roomy, well shaded, and surrounded with ample grounds, with flower and vegetable gardens attached, and is in the midst of a beautiful rolling country. No doubt many of our young readers, amid their summer enjoyments, will be glad to know that at least some of their dusky sisters are so well accommodated and have such prospects of honor and usefulness before them.

Women Lawyers.

IN admitting Mrs. Carrie Burnham Kilgore to practice in the Court of Common Pleas, No. 4, Philadelphia, quite recently, Judge Thayer made the following remarks:

"If there is any longer any such thing as what old-fashioned philosophers and essayists used to call 'the sphere of woman,' it is, it must be admitted, a sphere with an infinite and interminable radius. She is found in all the pursuits and professions of life, not only working out her own independence, but entering into competition with men for the highest rewards of ambition. It is surprising that any one should speak with apprehension of an impending social change by which women are to seek fortune and fame in fields which were formerly denied them. Such persons should awake from their slumbers. The revolution is over. Are we to take notice of these changes and recognize the weighty facts which they have brought with them and the rights which have grown out of them, or are we to set ourselves to the vain task of attempting to turn backward the wheel of time and convince history that it is all wrong and say at this time of day that a woman shall not be permitted to pursue the vocation to which her tastes lead her and for which her studies have qualified her? It does not seem to us

that such a decision would be in the line of a wise, judicial discretion, but that we should rather thereby ignore rights which are now everywhere acknowledged and bind anew old burdens which elsewhere have been cast off."

Mrs. Kilgore studied law under the preceptorship of her husband, and graduated from the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania. But, despite her qualifications, her application for admission to the Philadelphia Bar has been repeatedly refused. Her battle with the Courts began fully ten years ago, but she temporarily abandoned it while her child was small, only recently renewing it. Mrs. Kilgore's perseverance has at last been crowned with success: she has been admitted to practice in the Orphans' Court and in the Court of Common Pleas, No. 4, Philadelphia, and in the Courts of Delaware County, Penna.

From the first Mrs. Kilgore has had some of the most eminent members of the Philadelphia Bar upon her side, among them being Hon. Wm. S. Peirce and ex-Senator Horatio Gates Jones. Judge Peirce, in delivering an opinion upon the subject some months ago, said, in effect: "Women lawyers are as necessary as women physicians. There are questions in law, as well as in medicine, concerning which modesty would deter a woman from consulting a man." To the common objection, that a woman lawyer would be forced to see and hear much in a court-room that would be unpleasant to her sense of delicacy, it is replied by the friends of Mrs. Kilgore that such considerations do not prevent the attendance of women as prisoners and witnesses, no matter how guiltless or how refined these may be; how much better if they were sustained by the companionship of honorable women! True women as lawyers must in time result in the improvement of court-manners, just as the presence of good women has been productive of the best results everywhere.

"The New Home."

THIS pleasant picture, which we copy from the *Magazine of Art*, for which it was engraved from a painting by Carl Mucke, represents a bride and a bridegroom—he a sailor and she a fisher-maiden—taking together their first view of the new home in which their happy wedded life is to have its beginning. Commenting on this picture, the *Magazine of Art* says:

"It is a good example of a class of art which in the very nature of things is popular, and which, if the truth must out, is not always deserving of popularity. To the general the highest expressions of art are always more or less unintelligible; to the artist the sort of picture which pleases the general is very often contemptible. What the artist wants is art; what the general want is that particular element in art which they can feel and understand. The artist cries out for drawing, color, composition, accomplishment; the public for anecdote, sentiment, the presentation of things common and human. As the public pay, and are in a position to create a demand, and as, moreover, it is much easier for painters to be popular than to be great, a good deal gets painted and admired and sold which, from the artistic point of view, had better have remained undone."

Facts and Reasons.

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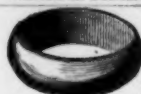
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ASTHMA.

So far, in our administration of Compound Oxygen, we have not treated a single case of this distressing disease without curing or greatly mitigating the severity of its attacks, and some of the worst cases known to the profession have come into our hands. It is really wonderful with what promptness our Treatment reaches and controls this disease, notwithstanding so many of the cases which have come to us have been complicated and rendered almost incurable by vicious treatment and the inhaling of poisonous narcotics. The following extracts from patients' letters give the results in some of the more recent cases of asthma which we have treated:

In December last a lady in Auburn, N. Y., came under our care. What her condition was will appear from the following statement of the case:

"Three years ago I was taken with a severe cough and asthma, wheezing and coughing constantly. I became much reduced and exhausted and could not lie down for want of breath. Am better in warm weather. Have burning feeling in throat and nostrils and irritation in the ears. Cannot go out without tying up my head. Cough hard, but raise very little. South wind causes wheezing and choking up."

Four weeks after receiving the Treatment reported considerable improvement. In March, three months after commencing its use, we had the following exceedingly favorable account of what Compound Oxygen had done and was doing:

"You doubtless have wondered at my long silence. I was waiting patiently and perseveringly to see the change in my system that I am now experiencing. I am so much better in many ways and am very thankful. It is a rainy and unpleasant day and the air is very heavy, and still I breathe free and clear down deep."

"Oh! if I ever was thankful for anything, it is to be able to straighten up and breathe freely. Asthma is getting to be among the things of the past. Once in a while in the morning I wheeze a little. It was wearing away my flesh; what I had seemed to just hang on my body. Now it is harder than it has been or years. It is now three months since I sent for the Oxygen. I am not well, but much better than I expected to be in so short a time. * * *

"My little daughter is getting so fleshy and can endure her studies with so much less fatigue. She never liked to take medicine, but loves the Inhaler. * * * I am very thankful to you for this agent and the great benefit I am receiving."

From another case of asthma we have the following report:

"Before I began using your Treatment I could not rest at night. Now I can sleep good. Go to bed at ten o'clock and sleep until morning and feel rested when I rise. Before, I could not sleep much. At all hours of the night I was obliged to get up and cough."

A patient in Sabetha, Kansas, writes:

"I have not been up with asthma but one night since commencing the Treatment. Have not taken cold once. Have had a better appetite. Have slept better and am gaining in flesh; now what more can I ask for so short a time? And think, when done with this supply, I can say I am about cured; if not

I must have more, for I feel this is the remedy I need."

A lady patient in Allegheny, Pa., who had been a sufferer from asthma since she was two years old, and who, when she started a Home Treatment in January last, was suffering from a bad cough, had no appetite, and was very weak, writes as follows of her condition after inhaling Compound Oxygen for two months:

"I have not had a spell since I commenced your Treatment, except two nights I had the asthma, but so slight that I did not mind it. I feel splendid; have no bad feelings; can do almost anything; in fact, am so well and look so well, for one to see me now would not think I had ever been sick a minute. I cannot express my thanks for the benefit I have received from you."

The following case, as stated by the wife of a seafaring man, is quite remarkable. The letter from which it is taken is dated Millbridge, Maine, April 13th, 1884:

"In January, 1883, I sent to you for a Home Treatment of Compound Oxygen for my husband, who was suffering with asthma, and had not been able to lie down for seven weeks. He also had a terrible cough, and we felt afraid he was in consumption. He began taking it as soon as it arrived, and in one week he was able to go to bed and sleep well all night. In April he was so well that he decided to go to Australia (he is a seafaring man). I felt afraid that the asthma would trouble him again when he was on the water, but he did not have it but once, and that was soon relieved by taking Oxygen. That was in August, 1883, and he hasn't taken any since."

"Now he writes me from there that he has the best of health and feels like a new man in every way. He had been troubled with asthma for nearly three years when he began to take the Oxygen. He sent to you for a second Treatment, but has had no occasion to use it."

The following is reported from San Francisco, Cal., under date of April 29th, 1884:

"Some few months ago I was attacked with the asthma. When I found it becoming extremely troublesome and increasing, I used different medicines from different doctors, but found no relief. My asthma kept on increasing, and I was hardly able to breathe, especially in the evening and after the least exertion."

"It was then that I saw by accident your advertisement in some paper. I purchased the Oxygen and commenced using it faithfully, and in less than a week I found myself very much improved, and after two months' use my asthma and short breath had disappeared. Intentionally I delayed to report to you, as I wished to note some results; and now I feel it to be my duty to testify that the Compound Oxygen does all you claim for it."

"Last week I contracted a severe cold, with great accumulation of mucus in the throat. I sent directly to your agent in this city (San Francisco) for another Treatment, used the Oxygen three or four times, and my cough was gone. Still more, for the last ten or twelve years I suffered in the beginning of every winter from a most severe and dangerous cough; nothing could cure it. This winter, when I commenced with your Oxygen, I have had no cough—the first time for years."

Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen is sent free of charge. It contains a history of the discovery, nature, and action of this new remedy, and a record of many of the remarkable results which have so far attended its use.

DEPOSITORY IN NEW YORK.—Dr. John Turner, 138 Fifth Avenue, who has charge of our Depository in New York city, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment and may be consulted by letter or in person.

DEPOSITORY ON PACIFIC COAST.—H. E. Mathews, 606 Montgomery Street, San Francisco, California, will fill orders for the Compound Oxygen Treatment on Pacific Coast.

FRAUDS AND IMITATIONS.—Let it be clearly understood that Compound Oxygen is only made and dispensed by the undersigned. Any substance made elsewhere, and called Compound Oxygen, is spurious and worthless, and those who buy it simply throw away their money, as they will in the end discover.

DRS. STARKEY & PALEN.

G. R. STARKEY, A. M., M. D.
G. E. PALEN, Ph. B., M. D.

1109 and 1111 Girard St. (Between Chestnut & Market), Phila., Pa.